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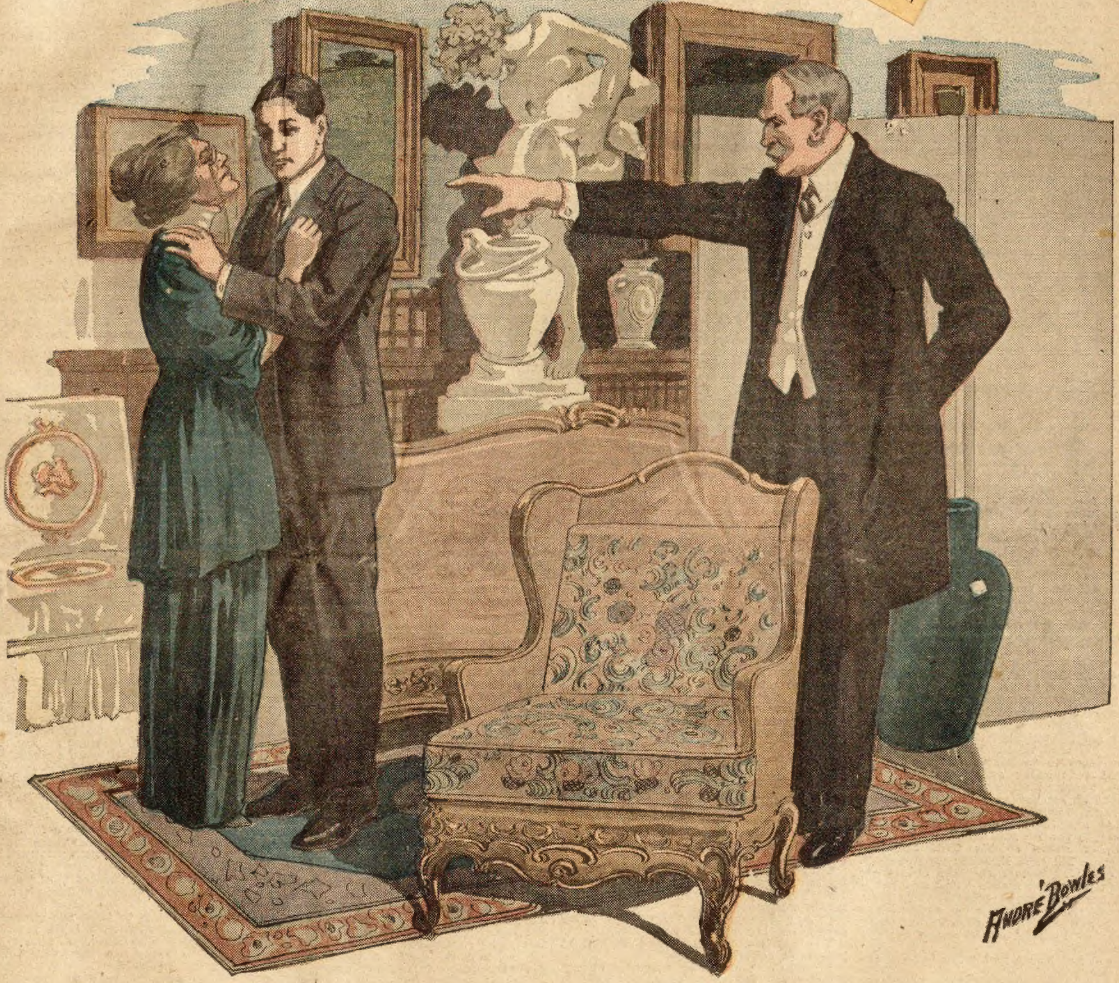

# The Death Warrant

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## By Emma Howard Wight

### CHAPTER I.

IT WAS the night of the election for Governor of Massachusetts. Judge Andrew Loring, the Republican candidate, lived in one of the handsomest residences on Beacon street, Boston. Between eight and nine o'clock Henry Carter, a famous criminal lawyer and lifelong friend of Judge Loring, entered one of the reception-rooms. He had not removed his overcoat, and carried his hat in his hand.

"How are you, Stanley?" he said, addressing a good-looking, well-groomed young man who was standing thoughtfully in front of the mantel. The latter returned the elder man's greeting, and they began talking of the election.

"Do you think that Judge Loring will be elected, Mr. Carter?" Stanley Foster asked.

"I think the chances are in favor of his election," was the reply. He paused a moment thoughtfully, then continued, "Yes, I think that tonight will witness the achievement of Andrew Loring's ambition. He said to me once when we were boys, 'Henry, some day I intend to be Governor of Massachusetts.' I used often to tell him that ambition was his besetting sin," and he smiled.

Stanley Foster made some reference to the long friendship that had existed between Judge Loring and the lawyer.

"Yes," and the keen face softened, "Andrew and I were playmates in childhood, companions in boyhood, college chums. We studied law in the same office. Andrew married, but that made no break in our friendship, as sometimes happens. Ours continued unbroken."

"Such friendships are rare," remarked Stanley, with a touch of cynicism.

"I am afraid that is true," Henry Carter admitted. "Sincerity and unselfishness are inseparable from real friendship."

"And there is very little sincerity and unselfishness in this old world of ours," declared Stanley. "Now, you will be as proud and happy if Judge Loring is elected as though it were yourself."

"Well, I should say so," declared Henry. "I shall be the proudest, happiest man in the country."

Stanley looked at him a little curiously. It seemed strange to him that friendship could so completely fill the life of a man as it had that of Henry Carter, taking the place of wife and children.

"You have made a career also, Mr. Carter," he said. "You are one of the best criminal lawyers we have in the State. I admire immensely your skill in clearing persons accused of crimes."

"It is often a graceless task," declared the lawyer, with a whimsical smile.

"You mean when your client is guilty?" queried Stanley, amused.

Carter nodded.

"And it stares you in the face in spite of your efforts to ignore it," he said.

"But that is where you show your skill in clearing the guilty."

"And very often I feel ashamed of myself," exclaimed Henry Carter.

Stanley laughed. "Perhaps you'll make a great criminal lawyer out of Harry Loring," he said, after a moment. "He tells me you want him to study law."

"If he inherits his father's cleverness and talents, he ought to make his mark." He turned suddenly and looked at Stanley in a troubled way. "Stanley, I hear things about Harry that worry me not a little," he continued, gravely. "You are his most intimate friend, his constant companion. You must know whether these reports about him are true." He moved nearer to Stanley, regarding him anxiously.

Stanley seated himself a little slowly before he spoke.

"What are the reports, Mr. Carter?" he asked.

"That Harry is leading a very wild life, that he drinks and gambles," replied the other. "Are they true?"

"Yes," the words seemed to come reluctantly, "they are true."

Henry Carter looked much disturbed. "I am indeed grieved to hear it." He paused a moment. "I love that boy. I held him in my arms when he was but a few days old. They named him after me. I watched him grow up. He has taken the place a son of my own would have filled. And to think that he, Andrew Loring's son, should go wrong!" He looked reflectively at Stanley. "Stanley, you are not a fellow who dissipates. And you are Harry's friend. You certainly should have some influence over him. Can't you induce him to turn over a new leaf?'

It was a moment or so before Stanley spoke.

"I have tried to do so, but I have failed," he replied.

"That seems strange!" murmured Henry. Stanley gave him a quick, half-furtive glance. "I have always thought that Harry could be very easily influenced by those for whom he cares. I must ask Sibyl to try her influence with him."

There was a quick movement on the part of Stanley, then he observed quietly: "Do you think she possesses much influence over Harry?"

Sibyl Loring was the niece and ward of Judge Loring, and had made her home with him since she was a child of ten years.

"Sibyl and Harry have grown up together like brother and sister," Henry replied.

Stanley smiled. "A sister's influence is not always very potent in such cases," he remarked.

"I am not sure that they care for each other in that way," said Henry, musingly.

"You mean that they are in love with each other?"

"Well, yes."

There was silence for a moment, then Stanley spoke.

"I should think Sibyl would be in a fair way to be disillusioned by the life Harry is leading," he said.

"I don't know about that," said Henry, reflectively. "It all depends upon the nature of the woman. There are some women whose love nothing can kill. I have seen that again and again in my profession. I have known women to cling to and love the most degraded men, even when they knew them to be guilty of the most brutal crimes."

"That seems strange!" murmured Stanley. There was a thoughtful look on his face that was almost a frown.

"Some women have a greater capacity for fidelity than others," remarked the older man.

"Do you think that Sibyl is like that?" Stanley smiled as he asked the question, but he waited anxiously for the answer.

Henry Carter shook his head. "There's no telling about a woman. She doesn't know herself until she is tested," he replied. He took up his hat. "I am going down town to watch the returns." He nodded to Stanley and went out.

The young man sat with his head drooped on his breast, his brows meeting in frown, buried in deep thought. He started and looked up as Sibyl Loring came into the room.

Stanley arose to his feet, his face changing, his eyes lighting passionately. The girl was beautiful. Her eyes were a dark gray, her mouth vivid and beautiful, her hair copper-colored. The long, sinuous lines of her slim figure were lovely and alluring. She looked very calmly at Stanley as he came eagerly to meet her.

"I did not know you were here, Stanley," she said.

"I have been waiting, thinking Harry might return," he explained. "Marshall tells me that he has gone out."

"Yes, he went out immediately after dinner," said Sibyl.

"I am sorry," murmured Stanley.

She gave him a quick glance as she seated herself.

"I am sorry he went out—tonight," added Stanley.

Sibyl looked at him with her beautiful dark brows drawn together.

"You think that he may come home not—himself?"

"I am afraid that may happen," Stanley replied. "And it would be a pity tonight."

She flushed and her eyes darkened angrily.

"It would be shameful!" she cried.

"Perhaps it won't happen," said Stanley.

"You are right, it may not." She drew a sigh of relief. "Surely Harry has sufficient self-respect and manhood not to drink tonight."

"Still I wish that he had not gone out," declared Stanley, softly, as he sank into a chair.

The soft insinuation of his words again disturbed her.

"If it should happen, I hope Uncle Andrew will not know about it," she said. "He is not a patient, tolerant man."

"No, especially when the offense is against the strongest attribute of his nature—his pride," remarked Stanley. He paused a moment and then added, "Does he know how Harry dissipates?"

"I think he does," replied Sibyl. "In spite of poor Aunt Marian's efforts to keep it from him, to shield Harry. If Uncle Andrew is elected, surely Harry will do better. He will be the son of the Governor." She turned suddenly to Stanley. "Stanley, can't you do something? Have you no influence over Harry? You are his bosom friend."

Stanley gave a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders.

"Mr. Carter said pretty much the same thing to me a little while ago," he said. "I told him I had tried to influence Harry to give up the life he is leading, but that I had failed. Drink, cards," he paused a moment, and then added, "and women are formidable foes to fight."

Sibyl started.

"Women?" she murmured. "Oh, is it as bad as that?"

"I ought not to have told you that, Sibyl," Stanley declared. "It escaped me before I thought."

For a moment she was silent.

"I am glad you did tell me," she said, at length. "It is best that I should know the worst. I was learning to despise him." She paused an instant. "Now I hate him!"

"You do not think me disloyal for telling you of Harry's vices?" queried Stanley.

"I had not thought of that."

She looked a little thoughtful, and Stanley hastened to change the subject.

"There is something I want to say to you, Sibyl." He arose, came and stood with his hand on the back of her chair. "I love you, Sibyl!" He spoke very tenderly. She shrank from him suddenly. "Will you marry me?"

## CHAPTER II.

BEFORE she had time to reply, a young man, handsome and boyish-looking and somewhat under the influence of liquor, came into the room.

"Hallo, Stanley, old boy!" he exclaimed, not at first perceiving Sibyl.

He stopped abruptly as she arose and looked at him. There was a questioning look in her eyes which changed quickly to one of scathing contempt as she saw his condition. Stanley had turned away and was looking out of a window. Harry took a step nearer to her, holding out his hand entreatingly.

"Sibyl!"

She drew back from him, then without a word she turned and went out of the room. Stanley turned slowly from the window and their eyes met. In Harry's there was a pained, hurt look.

"My God! how she does despise me!" he exclaimed.

Stanley came toward him, his eyes on Harry's face.

"Do you care so very much?" he asked.

"Care? How can I help caring when I love her?"

"Oh, you do? I was under the impression that you regarded Sibyl as a sister."

"If you thought that you have been strangely blind," Harry declared. "I thought all the world could see that I am in love with Sibyl. I never had a brotherly feeling for her. She was my little sweetheart even when we were children. I have always hoped that one day she would be my wife. If I have lost her it is my own fault. I believe I could have wone her. But I have been a fool, a fool!" He stood silent a moment, his head drooping on his breast. Then he looked up at Stanley with something like despair in his eyes. "Come to my room, Stanley. I want to tell you something."

They left the receptionroom and passed up the stairs. Arrived at Harry's room that young man dropped despondently into a chair.

"What is wrong, Harry?" Stanley asked, seating himself near him.

Harry lifted his head and looked at him with miserable eyes.

"There is something terribly wrong, Stanley. I am in a dreadful hole. I have forged my father's name to a check for $3,000 and gotten the money on it."

"What?" Stanley started up in his chair, gazing at Harry shocked. "Good heavens!"

A wan smile crossed Harry's lips.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?"

"What induced you to do such a thing as that?" asked Stanley.

"I owed gambling debts, debts of honor, and was in desperate need of the money," replied Harry, gloomily. He paused a moment and then added, "But it would not have occurred to me to get the money in that way if something you said had not suggested it."

"Something I said! What on earth do you mean, Harry?"

"Do you remember the conversation we had a few days ago in regard to imitating handwriting?"

Stanley thought a moment.

"Yes, I have an indistinct recollection of it," he replied.

"You spoke of my aptness at imitating handwriting," continued Harry.

"Possibly I did."

"It was that which suggested to me the forging of my father's name to a check," declared Harry.

"I am certainly very sorry," said Stanley, "that a chance remark of mine should have suggested to you the——" He stopped.

"The commission of a crime," supplemented Harry. He gave a short, bitter laugh. "Might as well call things by their right names."

"You say the check passed?"

"Yes; the signature was not questioned at the time. But even if it is never questioned, my father is bound to know about it in time."

"He'll overlook it, no doubt."

Harry shook his head despondently.

"You don't know my father, Stanley. He'll not overlook what I have done. The honor of his name is dearer to him than anything else. I shall meet with no mercy at his hands. I wish now that I had asked you for that $3,000, Stanley. You could afford to lend me the amount and wait until I was able to repay it."

"Why didn't you apply to me for it?"

Harry sat thoughtfully a moment or so before he replied.

"I did think of it. Several times I tried to approach you on the subject, but for some reason or other, I couldn't do it. I felt that you were not in sympathy with me."

"Absurd!" murmured Stanley, with a smile.

"I suppose it was," Harry admitted. "I wish I had told you the hole I was in. You would have helped me out."

"Of course."

"It may not be too late." Harry sat up and looked at him with sudden eagerness.

It was just an instant or so before Stanley spoke.

"How do you mean?"

"If I had the money I could take up the check before the matter comes to the knowledge of my father."

"I see."

"Will you lend me the money?"

"Certainly." Under his breath Stanley murmured an imprecation.

Harry leaned toward him eagerly, his breath coming a little quickly.

"When can I get it?"

"Oh, any time tomorrow," replied Stanley.

Harry leaned back in his chair with a long sigh of relief.

"I'll go to the bank and redeem the check," he said. He looked at Stanley with something like tears in his eyes. "I can never repay you for helping me out, old fellow," he added brokenly. Then suddenly he grew grave. "I wonder if any discovery has been made at the bank," he murmured.

And Stanley was wondering also.

"Forget about it and come along with me to the club," he said, rising.

Harry shook his head. "I think I had better not go out any more tonight," he replied.

"Oh, a visit to the club will cheer you up," persisted Stanley. "Make you forget all your troubles."

Harry smiled sadly. "Hardly. But I'll go with you if you wish."

"That's right!" exclaimed Stanley.

And they left the room together.

## CHAPTER III.

MARSHALL, the butler, who had been in the service of the Lorings for more than twenty-five years, ushered John Warner, cashier of the First National Bank of Boston, into the library.

"I'll tell Judge Loring you wish to see him, sir," he said, and went out.

John Warner walked restlessly about the room, picking up a book from the table and laying it down again, looking abstractedly at the pictures on the walls, all the time conscious of the unpleasant task before him and dreading it.

A tall, stately-looking man, with an air of quiet but impelling dignity, came into the room, and John Warner turned to meet him.

"Good evening, Judge!"

Judge Loring returned the cashier's greeting and invited him to be seated. John Warner declined, explaining that his business would not take up much of Judge Loring's time. After a brief hesitation, he continued:

"The fact is, Judge, a check bearing your signature, for $3,000, was presented at the bank a few days ago, and the money paid on it." Judge Loring became more alert, and he litsened with close attention. "Later some doubt arose as to the genuineness of the signature. So we thought it best to refer the matter to you."

"By whom was the check presented?" asked Judge Loring.

The cashier hesitated just a second, and then replied with a hardly perceptible effort.

"By your son, Mr. Harry Loring."

There was a moment's silence, then Judge Loring asked quietly: "Have you the check with you?"

John Warner produced the check and handed it to Judge Loring, while he marveled at the man's wonderful power of self-control. There could be no question but that he had received a great blow. But he showed absolutely no sign of it. The cashier was the more disturbed of the two.

Judge Loring unfolded the check and studied for a moment the signature. Then he looked up.

"I did not sign this check; it is forged," he said calmly.

The cashier was nervous and showed it.

"I regret——" he began.

"The bank need give itself no further concern in the matter," Judge Loring said, as he folded up the check and placed it in his pocket. "Permit me to thank you for your courtesy in the matter," he added.

John Warner was conscious of an intense admiration of the man's rigid regard for truth. How easy it would have been for him to have simply said that the signature was his. But he would not lie even to save his honor.

"I will not detain you any longer, Judge," John Warner said, turning to go out.

Judge Loring accompanied him to the door of the room. John Warner stopped and held out his hand.

"You have my best wishes for success, Judge," he said, with a great deal of earnestness.

Judge Loring bowed.

"Thank you," he said. "Good night!"

He turned slowly back into the room.

"Success!" he murmured bitterly. "And in the same hour—dishonor." The imperturbability of his face was broken by a spasm of pain. "A son! an only son! Would to God he had never been born!"

He turned as Sibyl came into the room. He had recovered his self-control and he regarded her with grave steadiness as he spoke.

"Come here, Sibyl." She went to him, lifting her eyes to his face questioningly. "There was a time when the possibility that you and Harry Loring might marry was pleasing to me. But I say to you now, if Harry Loring has a place in your heart, cast him out. He is unworthy."

"You—you mean that he dissipates?" murmured Sibyl.

"That and more," was the reply. "He is guilty of a crime."

"A crime?" faltered Sibyl.

"Yes, forgery."

She collapsed upon a chair, covering her face. When she looked up she was alone.

As Harry and Stanley reached the foot of the stairs on their way out, a sweet-faced, refined-looking woman was coming along the hall. She stopped with a swift inquiring glance at Harry. Stanley bowed.

"Good evening, Mrs. Loring!" he said.

She returned his greeting mechanically, and turned again to her son.

"Harry, you are not going out any more tonight?" she queried.

"Yes, mother, I am going to the club," he replied.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't go, Harry, I beg of you. You have been drinking already. If you leave the house, you may return intoxicated. You will not anger and humiliate your father tonight of all nights?"

"I will not go out, since it is your wish, mother." Harry acquiesced. He turned to Stanley. "You will excuse me, Stanley?"

"Why, certainly," Stanley replied, smilingly. He bowed to Mrs. Loring. "Good night!"

"Good night!" She gave him an odd look.

Stanley's face was thoughtful as he went along the hall.

"Does she mistrust me?" he was thinking.

As he was passing the library, he glanced in and saw Sibyl. He stopped, hesitated, then entered the room. Sibyl glanced up with a start. She was very pale. Stanley went up to her quickly.

"Sibyl," he said, "I want an answer to the question I asked you a short while ago. Will you be my wife?"

She leaned back wearily. "I do not love you, Stanley," she replied.

"I will teach you to love me," he declared eagerly.

She shook her head with a faint smile. "What if you should fail?"

"I shall not fail," he exclaimed confidently.

"You cannot be sure of that," she said quietly. "It is quite possible that you would fail."

"I am willing to take the chance."

She looked at him, a little repelled.

"I cannot understand a man's being willing to marry a woman who does not love him," she said.

"When a man loves a woman as I love you, Sibyl, he has but one thought, one purpose—to win her," he said passionately. "I want you, dear. I have been absolutely true to my love for you, Sibyl," he went on, and he watched her closely as he spoke. "I have led a life worthy of you. Why, caring for you as I do, it would be impossible for me to lead the sort of life that—that Harry Loring does, for example."

She started to her feet, then turned to him.

"I will marry you," she said.

His face flushed, his eyes lighted.

"I am the happiest man in all the world," he cried.

"There may come a day when you will regret having married a woman who does not love you," she said.

He laughed happily.

"I have no fears," he declared, taking her in his arms and kissing her passionately.

## CHAPTER IV.

HARRY followed his mother into the receptionroom. She turned and looked at him sorrowfully.

"Harry, do you intend to break my heart?" she murmured.

"Mother!"

"The life you are leading is breaking my heart," she declared, sinking upon a couch and looking up at him piteously. He half turned from her, bowing his head. "You are my only son. I have no other children to comfort me, to compensate me, if that be possible, for the sorrow you are causing me. Harry, do you love me?"

He came and sat down on the couch beside her.

"Mother, you know that I do," he said, tenderly. He took her hand and fondled and kissed it.

"If you love me, have pity upon me."

A look of pain flashed across his face.

"Mother, don't!" he pleaded. "I can't bear to hear you talk like that. I know I am causing you a great deal of unhappiness."

"Yes, indeed, yes," murmured Mrs. Loring, with infinite sadness.

Harry sat for a moment in thoughtful silence.

"Mother, there are times when I just sit down and wonder over it all," he said, at length. "I cannot understand myself."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I do not believe that I have really a tendency to lead a wild life. My inclinations are not vicious. Gambling and drinking do not appeal to me so strongly. I loathe and hate myself whenever I indulge in either vice." He paused a moment and then continued, "I do not think I put myself in the way of temptation. And yet temptations seem to pursue me like some evil fate. It is very strange."

"Harry, I distrust Stanley Foster!" declared Mrs. Loring.

He looked amazed.

"What do you mean, mother?"

"I feel that he is in some manner to blame for the dissipated life you have been leading," she replied.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Harry, "Stanley Foster is my friend."

"I know you believe him to be your friend."

"Mother, what reason have you for doubting, for distrusting Stanley?"

"A woman's intuition, a mother's instinct both warn me against Stanley Foster," Mrs. Loring replied, gravely. "I feel that he is responsible for the temptations that are thrown in your way."

"Why, mother!" Harry looked amused. "Stanley is constantly remonstrating with me over the life I lead. Indeed, you do him a great wrong. No one ever had a truer friend than I have in Stanley."

"Very well, I will not try to shake your loyalty in him," said Mrs. Loring, but she did not appear convinced. "We will not talk about him any more. I want to talk to you of yourself. Harry, I beg you to lead a different life, to turn over a new leaf." She laid her hand imploringly on his arm. "Promise me that you will. Oh, promise me!"

"I do promise you, mother. I will turn over a new leaf, I will lead a different life from tonight."

Mrs. Loring uttered an exclamation of joy, and her face grew radiant.

"Harry, the whole world has changed for me!" she cried.

He looked at her wistfully. "You have great faith in me, mother?" he murmured.

"Absolute," she replied. "Harry, in all your life you have never told me an untruth nor broken a promise that you made me. I have no fear that you will not keep the one you have made me tonight."

"God helping me, I will," declared Harry, very earnestly.

Mrs. Loring drew him to her and kissed him with great tenderness.

"God bless you, my darling! We shall all be very happy now." Those words were destined to come back to her a little later with bitter mockery.

Harry was silent a moment, then he said, "Mother, I love Sibyl!"

Mrs. Loring smiled. "Yes, dear."

"I am afraid I have lost all chances of winning her," Harry continued dejectedly. "If she cared for me, I have killed her love."

"A woman's love is not easily killed, Harry," declared Mrs. Loring.

"You would think she despised me, mother, if you had seen how she looked at me this evening when she saw I had been drinking."

"There are times when a woman believes that her love for a man is dead," said Mrs. Loring. "But it is only numbed, sleeping, Harry. It awakens to life again. I do not think that Sibyl is a girl to love lightly. If she loves you, her love still lives."

"Oh, mother, you have given me new hope!" exclaimed Harry. "I shall live to redeem myself in Sibyl's eyes."

They were both looking very happy when Judge Loring came into the room, a cold, stern look on his face. Harry paled, and the joy went out of his face at the first glance at his father. He arose slowly to his feet.

Judge Loring came slowly forward and addressed his wife.

"Leave us, Marian," he said. "I wish to speak with Harry alone."

Mrs. Loring arose, her eyes fixed on her husband's face.

"What have you to say to Harry, Andrew, that I, his mother, may not hear?" she asked.

"Mother, leave us, please!" the words broke from Harry's lips.

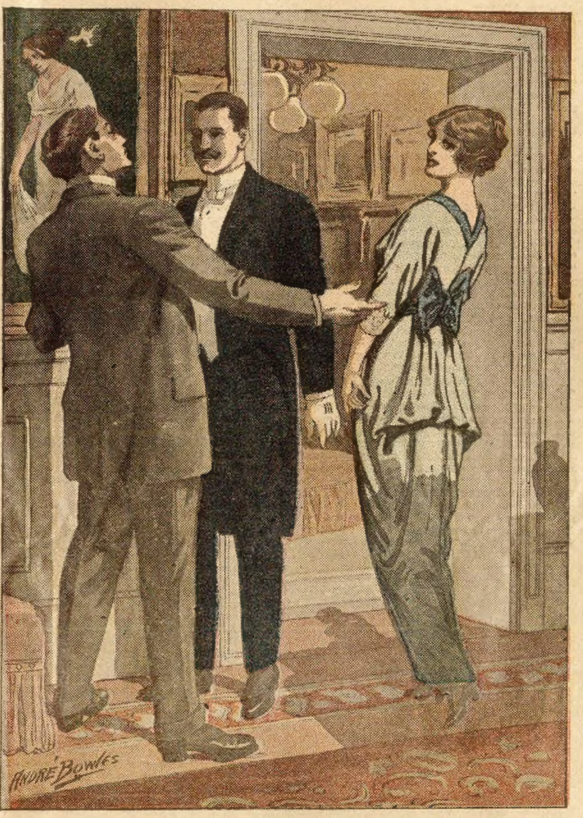
She paid no heed to him. Her eyes were fixed upon her husband's face. There was a look upon his face she had never seen there before. It frightened her.

"Will you leave us, Marian?" queried Judge Loring.

"No," she spoke with quiet determination. Harry looked at her helplessly. "Whatever you have to say to Harry, I will hear.

Judge Loring gravely inclined his head.

"So be it!" He turned and looked at his son. "I had a visit this evening from John Warner, cashier of the First National Bank," he continued. Harry paled. "He informed me that a check for $3,000, bearing my signature, had been presented at the bank by you and the money paid. Later the genuineness of the signature came into question." Mrs. Loring, who had been listening with strained attention, started and looked at Harry. Judge Loring took the check from his pocket, unfolded it, and pointed to the signature. "This signature is a forgery. I did not sign this check."



*"Sibyl!"*

"A forgery!" faltered Mrs. Loring. She had grown pale and was trembling. Harry was wondering miserably if his father had admitted to the cashier that the check was forged, denied that the signature was his.

"Yes, a forgery," declared Judge Loring. "And Harry Loring is the forger."

Mrs. Loring turned indignantly upon him.

"Impossible!" she cried. "It isn't true! I do not believe it!"

Judge Loring pointed to Harry, standing with pale face and bowed head.

"Ask him if it isn't true," he said.

Mrs. Loring went up to Harry and laid her hand on his arm.

"Harry, tell me it isn't true!" she implored. "I will believe you against all the world. Tell me that there is some miserable mistake and that you are innocent of the charge brought against you."

Harry looked at her very sorrowfully.

"I cannot, mother. Would to God I could tell you it isn't true, but it—is," he said, in a low voice.

With a low cry of pain, Mrs. Loring collapsed upon a chair. Harry made an involuntary movement toward her, but stopped as his father spoke.

"The profligate life you have been leading has culminated in crime," said Judge Loring, his voice cold and stern. "You have shamed and humiliated me, and still I bore with you. I knew that you were a drunkard, that night after night you came reeling home intoxicated. I had good reason for believing that you are a gambler. Now you have brought dishonor upon my name. Tonight I learned the meaning of disgrace. It looked at me out of the eyes of the man who came to tell me that my son was a forger, a felon. I repudiate you, I no longer have a son. Leave this house! There is no place here for a forger!"

"No! no!" cried Mrs. Loring, starting to her feet and going appealingly toward her husband. "Andrew, you cannot be so relentless, so pitiless! Have mercy! He is your son."

"I say to you again, I have no son," declared Judge Loring, unmoved.

"Mother, it is useless to plead for me," said Harry. "My father will not forgive me. He will show me no mercy. Perhaps it is only just that I should suffer for the wrong I have done. Forgive me, mother, for the sorrow I have caused you."

Mrs. Loring went to him and put her arms about his neck.

"There can be no question of forgiveness between you and me, dear," she said, with infinite tenderness. "There is nothing that a mother's love will not pardon."

"Even shame, dishonor, and disgrace, mother?" he whispered, putting his arms about her.

"Yes," she replied. "You are my child!"

"God bless you, mother!" Harry murmured, brokenly. He bent his head and kissed her. "Good-by!"

"No! no! you must not go, Harry," she moaned, clinging to him. "You must not leave me. I cannot bear it."

"I must go, mother," said Harry, as he gently released himself and went toward the door.

As he passed out, Henry Carter, a radiant look on his face, entered by another door. He went quickly toward Judge Loring.

"Andrew, old friend," he said, "let me be the first to congratulate you. The people have made you Governor of Massachusetts!"

This remarkable story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

## Extravagant.

"Ikey, vat is dot book you're readin'?" asked Ikey's father.

"Aboudt Chulius Caesar, fadder."

"Und vot business vas he in?"

"He vas a soljer, and ven he von a battle he writed home, 'Veni, vidi, vici.'"

"I bet he vent bankrupt—such extravagance! Vy, he could send seven more vords for a quarter."

# FINDING HER.

"Great Scott! She has left her bag!" said young Crofton to himself as his eye fell upon the opposite seat in the car, just vacated by a young woman. Mechanically he reached out and seized the pretty green leather bag. He stared at its exterior and tried to make up his mind what to do with it.

Once he had known of a bag that had been left on a car, and though the finder handed it to the conductor it had never reached its owner. Since then he had lost confidence in this means of restoration of lost property, and now he decided that in this case no one but himself should be responsible for its restoration.

"I suppose I'll have to open the blessed thing," he said to himself, "though it seems like reading other people's letters or prying into closets."

The bag opened at his touch and revealed an assortment of contents truly bewildering.

"Well, I'm in a pretty mess," said young Crofton. "This looks like mother's rag bag or the drawer in the library table." There were a bundle of samples, several handkerchiefs, a veil, some stubs of theater tickets, hairpins, and everything, in fact, except money.

There were three visiting cards in a little side pocket, and each bore the name of a woman. Miss Elinor Stepe, Miss Burr, Miss Diana Arley—these were the names, but no clew as to which one of these persons was the owner of the green bag.

"I suppose," said young Crofton to himself, "that I'll have to follow the example of the prince in Cinderella and find the lady whom the green bag fits."

Accordingly he started out that very evening and called upon Miss Arley, whose indicated residence was the nearest to his own.

"Is Miss Arley at home?" he demanded of the pretty girl who opened the door to him.

"I am Miss Arley," said the young woman, with something of hauteur in her manner. She imagined Crofton might be a book agent, though this was not the usual hour for such visits. When her eye fell upon the green bag in Crofton's hand her mind swiftly changed its surmise. She decided that perhaps the young man was needy and carried needles for sale. However, she smiled when he explained his predicament, and, although she was slightly acquainted with both of the young women whose cards were shown to her, she had not the least idea which one of them owned a green bag. Still she was studying psychology in college and this science helped her to some illumination on the subject.

"Miss Stepe has blue eyes," she explained, "and wears that color so much that, judging from the number of samples of blue cloth in this bundle, I should say that she might be the owner. Yet it seems strange that you can't remember what the young lady who sat opposite looked like. Was her hair inclined to be reddish-brown and a little wavy?"

But young Crofton could not remember these details, and so he thanked Miss Arley and, taking up his green bag, went in search of Miss Stepe.

When he reached her house Crofton was informed that Miss Stepe was not at home. He was, therefore, obliged to keep the bag in his possession all night. This temporary ownership had a curious reaction on the young man's mind. By the following morning he discovered that he had grown fond of its presence. He even detected a subconscious reluctance to part with the thing. Nevertheless, he did his duty.

The minute his eye lighted upon Miss Stepe he recognized her as the girl who had sat opposite him in the car, and when he saw her face light up at the sight of the bag he felt rewarded for his trouble. A few minutes' conversation disclosed the fact that they had many friends in common, and, what was even more interesting, that they both preferred blue to any other color.

"I wish you were a poor young man, so that I might offer you a reward," said Miss Stepe, as young Crofton rose to go.

"Oh, I'm not too rich for rewards," replied he. "And if you don't mind I'll keep one of these blue samples."

"Take this one," said Miss Stepe, entering at once into the young man's humor. "This is a sample of my new dress, and if you wish you may enjoy the added reward of seeing me wear it—that is, if you care to call again."

"That," said young Crofton, "sounds good to me."

* * *

## Untouched.

In L'Esprit des Francais is an instance of the sharp, biting wit for which Alexis Piron, the French epigrammatist, was famous.

A young author whose ability was by no means equal to his conceit was discoursing at length upon the merits of his work.

"I am tired of writing of that which others write of," he said. "I want to create an original work, something that no one has ever written about or ever will write about."

Piron turned quickly to the speaker: "Why not write your own eulogy?" he said.

# Red Dick O'Laughlin

## Or, THE CHIHUAHUA TRAIL

### By Stephen Gaillard, Author of "Frontivard, the Terrible"

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### CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MONASTERY OF SAN PABLO.

GALLOPING down a narrow lane between garden walls, Red Dick drew rein in a brick-paved court; behind him in the maze of narrow streets and alleys, he could hear the pursuers calling one to another as they searched for him. For the moment he had given them the slip, but as he looked about him he saw that the court into which he had ridden was a cul-de-sac. On one hand was a garden wall too high to be leaped over, even had not the iron spikes by which the stone coping was protected precluded such an attempt, on the other was a massive stone building extending the whole length of the court, while at either end the moonlight shone upon blank walls unbroken by even a window.

"Sewed up, by thunder! Very neatly sewed up!" muttered Red Dick, fingering the butt of the revolver which he had wrested from the officer who had tried to intercept his escape. When the Mexicans had disarmed him they had failed to remove his cartridge belt, which was well filled. He examined the revolver in his hand. It was a Colt .45.

"Humph!" he remarked, emptying the cylinder and refilling it, "they've got me cornered all right, I reckon, but there'll be some new faces in hades before they take me!"

For a moment more he sat motionless in his saddle, listening. The sounds of pursuit were drawing nearer. Red Dick examined the stone building in front of him. There were windows in it looking out upon the court, but they were high up and barred. Directly in front of him was an arched gateway, but the gate was closed, and it looked massive enough to resist anything but artillery. Still, there was just a chance that it was not fastened.

There was a shout from up the lane which he had just left; another shout answered it, followed by a clatter of horses' hoofs. O'Laughlin leaped to the ground, and hurrying to the gate, threw his weight against it. As he did so he uttered a vivid Spanish oath. It yielded to the pressure, and he strode through into a stone-paved passage followed by Devil Dan, who was close to his master's heels. The moonlight, streaming through the opening, shone upon a heavy wooden bar leaning against the wall at one side of the passage. To close the gate and slip the bar into place was the work of an instant; then Red Dick, revolver in one hand, the other upon the sorrel's neck, stood listening. Down the lane to the cul-de-sac came the tramp of horses' hoofs accompanied by a babel of excited voices. Into the brick-paved court they clattered and scattered up and down it in eager search, shouting maledictions in Spanish upon the fugitive and his relatives, living and dead.

"Look out for the windows of the old pigsty," shouted a voice, "the Gringo devil may be in there."

A moment later several of the pursuers threw themselves against the gate.

"Por Dios! it's barred," said a voice, "and I'll wager a week's loot the Gringo's inside!"

"Well, don't strain yourself, Pablo; nothing less than shot and shell will batter down that gate."

"If he's in there we've got him," said another voice. "He can't get out without running into Juan Tello's men, who are around on the other side. You stay here and guard the lane with your men, Ramon, while we go around and join Juan Tello. The gate on that side is not so strong, and we can break it down. Keep your men out of range of the windows. If he's in there, he may be mad enough to take a shot at you."

"This is a devil of a mess we are in, Dan," said Red Dick, as he heard the pursuers retire to the lane and a portion of them gallop down it, "and the girl, God help her unless Villa's orders do! If Villa wants to use her to squeeze money out of old Billy Trevelyan she's very likely safe for the present, and by G—— if I can get safe away from these greasers that are hunting me, I'll stake my worthless carcass against getting her and her daddy safe out of limbo. Come on old boy, let us have a look at the pigsty, as they called it," and he led the way down the stone-paved passage, the sorrel following.

The passage led to a large courtyard surrounded on all sides by a stone-pillared arcade; above the arcade was a gallery. The moon, standing at the zenith, flooded the courtyard with eerie light, against which the arcade and gallery formed a background of black shadow broken only by the pillars shining like silver in an ebon setting. Red Dick proceeded to take a survey of the place, walking around it slowly, followed by the sorrel. When he was halfway around a sudden feeling that he was not alone caused him to turn, and there, in the moonlight, leaning against one of the pillars, stood a man. Red Dick's hand sought the butt of the revolver, and he demanded in Spanish:

"Who are you?"

The man stepped out into the moonlight. "I am a servant of God," he said, "and who are you?"

O'Laughlin's hand quitted the butt of the revolver. The man was a priest. Tall and gaunt, with cassock patched and torn, he was yet a venerable and commanding figure.

"I am an American hombre, Padre," said Red Dick, simply. "I have escaped from a band of Constitutionalists in the town out yonder, and I seek a way out of here and out of the town."

"Do they know you are here?"

"They suspect it, and I think they intend to break down your gate and come in search of me."

"And if they find you they will murder you as they did three of my poor brethren. Against that wall they shot them," said the old man pointing, "they said they were Huertistas, and they murdered them. Ah! it was horrible!"

"And what became of the rest, Padre?"

"They drove them forth to the desert to starve, to perish. I was among them, but I managed to elude the soldiers and crept back again. I had lived here for forty years; I wished to die here. When I came back the soldiers were gone, and I have lived here since, alone. They had looted the cloisters, they had robbed the sacred vessels from the chapel. What they could not take away they destroyed. Only a little food was left that they overlooked, and on that I have lived since. The fiend incarnate, Quintin Bandera, did it."

"Quintin Bandera! He commands the troops from whom I have just escaped."

"What, has he come back to finish his work? Did he not do it well the first time? Does he think some of the miserable people may have crept back to their homes? They have gone, gone forever, those of them who were not killed, or worse, when he turned his devils loose upon the town. They were peaceful folk, they did not want to join either side in the bloody, bloody war, they only wanted to be left alone. But come, follow me; if the fiend is here again there is no time to lose."

"Follow you—where, Padre?" said Red Dick.

But the priest did not answer; he was already striding across the courtyard. O'Laughlin followed him, wondering.

At one end a narrow passage led from the courtyard into a small garden inclosed on every hand by massive walls built of enormous blocks of stone. Crossing to the wall on one side, the priest threw his weight against one of the largest of the stones. He was a frail man, but the stone yielded to his pressure, and swinging, as if on a pivot, disclosed a passage beyond.

"Come," said the priest, beckoning to Red Dick.

"Can my horse go, too?"

"Yes; many times in the old days have horsemen come and gone this way."

Red Dick followed the priest into the passage. There was barely room for the sorrel to pass, but still there was room.

"Wait for me; I will come again," said the priest, and went out, closing the entrance behind him. O'Laughlin would have prevented him, but he was not quick enough.

"Trapped, by thunder!" he exclaimed, striving to pierce the darkness. Groping about he found the wall. It was damp and clammy and the place had a musty smell. Cold sweat stood upon Red Dick's forehead that was not caused by heat.

"Gone to get his pals, I reckon, and show them how he trapped the Gringo," he muttered, feeling his way along the wall. Suddenly he observed that the passage began to descend, and paused irresolute. "I wonder if the old boy means mischief," he muttered; "seemed like a good old scout, too. He said he would come again—I wonder with how many; and I wonder where the devil of a hole leads to." Even as he spoke the stone which closed the passage swung open and he uttered an exclamation of relief. The priest entered bearing a pine torch.

"Ah, my son," he said, looking at Red Dick as he closed the opening behind him, "you suspected treachery. I do not blame you; brother cannot trust brother in this unhappy land. But come, I will show you the road to freedom, if not safety; for once in the desert you must guard your life as best you may," and he led the way down the passage, holding the torch above his head.

For some distance it descended steeply, then, turning, ran level for perhaps a hundred yards, when it turned again, descending very gradually, now, with many windings.

"This passage was built in the olden times," said the priest, "when there was war in the land against the barbarous Indians, even as there is war now, and the monastery of San Pablo was as much a fortress as a house of God. The town was nothing then but a collection of adobe huts, and the monastery was its chief defense."

"Humph, Padre," said Red Dick, "weren't they ever afraid it might work the other way and let in the invader as well as let out the cavaliers who warred against them?"

"It never did, my son," said the priest, "perhaps because the secret was known only to the initiated; of all my brethren I, who was the prior, alone knew of it."

As the priest spoke the light of the torch shone upon an iron door ahead of them. Taking a key from the folds of his cassock he unlocked it, not without some difficulty. Striding through the opening, followed by Devil Dan, Red Dick found himself in a thicket at the bottom of a ravine below the height upon which the town stood. He held out his hand to the priest.

"Padre," he said, "I am a man of few words, but if it's the last drop of my blood that will ever be of any service to you, you shall have it."

The old man smiled and raised his hand in blessing. "I have seen so much wanton murder done, my son," he said, "that I feel that I could not bear to witness any more, even though the victim were a stranger."

"But won't they murder you, Padre, if they find you in the monastery?"

"You forget that they do not know of the hidden passage. They may find and destroy my little store of provisions, that is all. Farewell my son, and God be with you," and turning he re-entered the passage, and Red Dick heard the key grate in the lock.

"Rum old boy," muttered Red Dick, as he led the sorrel down the ravine, "but pure gold, every inch of him."

About half a mile from the foot of the height the ravine opened into the plain. O'Laughlin paused for a moment to look out across the moonlit desert and up at the sky, where the paling stars told of the coming dawn; then he turned to tighten the saddle girth; that done, he had already one foot in the stirrup and was about to swing leisurely into the saddle, when a quiet voice behind him said in English: "Hands up!"

### CHAPTER IX.

### CATAMOUNT PALMER.

WHEN Red Dick turned around he was looking into the muzzle of a Mauser rifle. The man behind the Mauser had risen from the shadow of a thicket of cactus which grew in the mouth of the ravine.

The situation was not one to admit of argument; O'Laughlin was absolutely at the mercy of the stranger; yet he did not put up his hands. Instead he remarked with slow and heartfelt emphasis: "Well, I'll be damned! Catamount Palmer, or else I'm locoed!"

The butt of the Mauser dropped with a thud into the sand. "In the name of all that's unexpected!" said the stranger in a musical, well modulated voice, "Red Dick O'Laughlin!"

"Himself," said the giant, "and where in the devil did you come from?"

"Faith, I might better ask you that question, seeing that you appear from a ravine that ends in an iron door leading underground," and the stranger wrung the giant's outstretched hand. He was a tall, slender man with a face of almost feminine beauty, and the hand that O'Laughlin held would have been the despair of many a beautiful woman. He was elegant even to fastidiousness in his attire, looking, in white silk shirt, white riding breeches, and puttees, more like a polo player than what he was. The cartridge belt about his waist, however, supporting a brace of magazine pistols, the bandoliers across his shoulders, and the Mauser rifle in his hand, left no doubt as to his occupation.

"Oh, I came from the bosom of the church," said Red Dick laughing, "but, as usual, the devil was not far away. How many men are with you?"

"Sixty-two. They are over in the timber yonder. Why do you ask?"

"Because Quintin Bandera and his whole regiment are up yonder in the town, and he's got Billy Trevelyan's daughter prisoner."

"Good God!"

"Aye, good God! though it isn't as bad as it might be. She's got a safe conduct from Chao, the Commandant in Juarez, and Villa has given orders that she is to be brought to Chihuahua."

"Bandera would not give a snap of his fingers for Chao's safe conduct, but Villa's orders he will not dare to disobey. What is she doing in Mexico anyway? And what does Villa want her for?"

"The way I figure it out she thinks she can secure her father's release from imprisonment by an appeal to Villa, and he, the cutthroat, wants to use her as a means of squeezing money out of the old man."

"Ah, I see; and at the same time he denies to the United States consul that Trevelyan has been arrested, or that he knows anything about him. The game is getting so old you wouldn't think the United States would fall for it, but they do."

"Yes, and these greasers think we are afraid of them."

"Well, my son, I'm going to show you a few that they know are not afraid. Oh, if I had only known Bandera had an American girl prisoner I would have foundered the horses but what I would have met him in the open and given him a fight; as it is it would be madness to attack him in the town unless by surprise, and I'm afraid he is too good a soldier for that. But come, it's a long road to Chihuahua, and we may have a chance yet."

Catamount Palmer's horse, as well trained as Devil Dan, had been lying quietly behind the shelter of the cactus thicket, and mounting, the two men rode across the plain to the clump of timber that sheltered the Catamount's band. They were Americans all, bronzed, hardy, well armed and well mounted. Many of them greeted Red Dick by name with exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

"Well, well, have you come to join us?" "Did they burn the Hacienda?" "Did they give you a look at the inside of one of their jails?" "What did they do to you?" were some of the queries that greeted him.

"You've come to the right people if you've got an account to settle with the greasers," said a broad-shouldered, thickest, gloomy-browed man, whom Red Dick did not know; "we've made it miserable for a few of their bands already and before we are through we'll make Pancho Villa himself sit up and take notice." He stopped short suddenly and looked hard at O'Laughlin. "By God!" he said, after a pause, "ain't I seen you before tonight?"

"Maybe," said O'Laughlin, himself eying the man with sudden interest. "Did you come south on the trail an hour or so after sunset?"

"We sure did, and you are the man we chased as we came over the ridge. We took you for a greaser, but, by God, I thought at the time your shooting was too good for you to be one."

"Was it indeed you that my men chased?" said Catamount Palmer, in his suave tones. "Hurlbut told me about it. I, myself, had ridden a mile or so in advance to reconnoiter. I'm glad they didn't get you."

"I was the man," said Red Dick, "and I had sort of a scrimmage with Mercado's men just before sunset; you knew he was retreating upon Ojinaga, I suppose.'

"Yes; and I was hanging on his flank looking for a chance to cut off any straggling parties I might run across when Beddoe brought me news of Bandera's advance, and I left the Federals' trail to go after him."

"Still fighting for your own hand?" said Red Dick.

"Always fighting for my own hand, my friend. Revenge is my only motive. They burned my hacienda, they murdered my wife and child—you know the story. Constitutionalists did that, and when opportunity offers, I give them the prefer-

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ence, otherwise all greasers look alike to me."

In the gray light of the coming dawn Red Dick looked into the face of the man who had earned for himself by his ferocity the nom de guerre of "Catamount," and he thought as he looked that a wounded panther whose young had been slain might prove a less terrible and pitiless foe than the soft-voiced man whose handsome face, as he spoke of his wife and child, had hardened into an expression of cold, relentless ferocity that might well have daunted the dauntless.

"And those?" queried O'Laughlin, waving his hand toward the Catamount's troopers.

"Broken men, not one of whom but has blood of kindred to avenge."

At the moment a little sandy-haired man on a big black horse rode into the clump of timber.

"What news, Tilford?" said Palmer, turning to him.

"No good, not a chance," said the sandy-haired man. "I got into the town from the eastern side, but there would have been no chance to surprise them; they've been on the alert all night, parties of them riding here and there like they were either overdoing patrol duty or else searching for some one."

"That's what they were doing, Tilford, searching for some one, and here is the man they were searching for," said the Catamount, waving his hand toward Red Dick. "I think they will hit the trail for Chihuahua this morning, and we are going to follow and attack them if we can take them at a disadvantage. In the saddle, men, and—forward."

Taking advantage of the broken nature of the ground the band, witn Catamount Palmer and Red Dick O Laughlin at their head, skirted the heights upon which stood the town of Santiago de los Caballeros, and gained a ridge which overlooked the trail leading southward to Chihuahua. As they rode, Red Dick recounted to the Catamount all that had happened since he had received Agatha Frisbie's telegram, which had so mystified him, at the Hacienda de Toros the morning before. He and Palmer had been friends for years, and he knew the latter's terrible story and much of the history of the formidable band which, swift in movement, mysterious, merciless, little heard of in press dispatches, had wreaked a fearful vengeance upon Federal and Constitutionalist alike in northern Mexico.

"Bandera hates you?" said Palmer, inquiringly.

"Yes, since four years ago when I literally kicked him across the public square in Matamoras for using his quirt on a Mexican girl."

"You know his history?"

"No; our acquaintance began that day in Matamoras."

"Well, he comes of a good family in Sonora, got into trouble about a girl, shot her brother, and took to the hills. Then he escaped to the United States and posed with the revolutionary junta and during Madero's regime as Lopez y Quesada; but since the Constitutionalist movement started he has fought under his true name, and made it infamous."

The two men were sitting on their horses at the top of the ridge behind which the Catamount's men were concealed; below them lay the Chihuahua trail, and they were able to get a good view of it wouthout themselves being seen from below.

"He is a good fighter," said Red Dick.

"Yes; and if he lives he will go high."

"Humph! as high as a gallows, I hope."

"Ha! there they come!" and Catamount Palmer pointed to the trail.

From a defile south of the town of Santiago de los Caballeros came a group of half a dozen horsemen, riding at a trot, rifle at knee, and surveying the ridges on either hand warily. They passed, little dreaming of the foe who watched them. A hundred yards behind came the main body, perhaps three hundred men. At their head rode Quintin Bandera, and at his side Virginia Trevelyan. Behind her rode Nancy with a trooper at her bridle rein. Red Dick uttered an exclamation of joy as he saw her, and turned to Catamount Palmer.

"Do you dare?" he said.

"We risk killing the women," replied the Catamount.

"Better that than that she should go to Chihuahua; besides, your men are good marksmen, they will pick their targets."

"Did you think that when you escaped last night?"

"I was one against three hundred, and I could not help her unless I was free; besides, I knew Villa had ordered her to be brought to Chihuahua, and I divined the reason; but when he has used her to coerce her father he will give her to that devil, and rather than that I would kill her with my own hand."

"Very well then, my friend, Quintin Bandera is about to receive the surprise of his life," and Catamount Palmer glanced along the ridge where sixty-two riflemen looked hungrily down upon the foe.

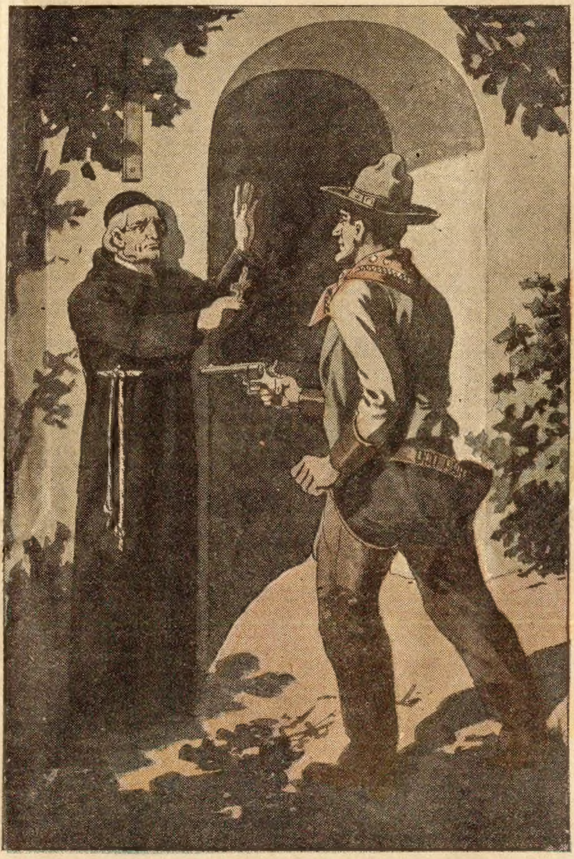
## CHAPTER X.

### BATTLE AND RESCUE.

WEARY almost to exhaustion, but with indomitable spirit unbroken, Virginia Trevelyan had watched through the door of the adobe hut the coming of the dawn. Rousing Nancy, she and the maid had eaten eagerly the coarse food the Mexicans had offered them—even Nancy did not complain. Refreshed in body by the meal, the girl had endured in haughty silence the hints and taunts of Bandera as the troops were getting ready to march. Eagerly she scanned the hills as they rode out of the town, hoping against hope and reason for rescuse of which there was no sign.

Her eager gaze was not lost upon Bandera, who rode by her side. The mask of refinement, every touch of assumed chivalry and respect, had fallen from him as a snake sloughs off its skin.

"He will not come, senora," he said tauntingly; "the Gringo is running yet, or else hiding in some recess of the hills, waiting for night to give him courage to come forth. Your countrymen are bold only in the dark. And even if your Gringo friend had a thousand of his compatriots at his back, they would not dare to face my regiment in the light of day."



*"Who are you?"*

The girl made no reply, but her blood boiled within her, and she gripped tightly the revolver which had never quitted her hand. Bandera had threatened to force it from her, but she had sworn that if he made the attempt she would kill herself with it, with such a light in her eyes that he had remembered Villa's orders and desisted. She had mounted her horse unassisted, and the Mexican had muttered: "That is a devil of a girl, but por Dios! I will have her yet!"

Down through a narrow defile they rode, into a valley between rocky ridges. On the right hand the slope was gradual, so gradual that cavalry might have charged down it with resistless impetus. The girl glanced eagerly to right and left; a mad impulse seized her to make a dash for liberty.

"You look in vain, lady," taunted Bandera, "there is not a force within a hundred miles that would dare face us."

Suddenly—even as the words were spoken—from the ridge on the right hand, crashed a withering volley, and forty saddles were emptied as if by a flash of lightning.

A frightful blasphemy leaped from Bandera's lips. But he was a gallant soldier for all his villainy. He looked at the left-hand ridge and saw that its steep sides afforded no cover, a mile in front lay the open valley exposed to that pitiless fire, behind lay the steep and difficult defile. Instantly his resolution was taken—he must charge the death-spitting ridge full in front.

"Demons of hell!" he yelled, as saddle after saddle was emptied, "it is the Catamount, no men but his can shoot like that!" He shouted an order to his men: "By the right flank, march! Trumpeter, sound the charge! Forward, my braves! Madero and Mexico!"

His gallantry was in vain. For two hundred yards his men advanced in the face of the hidden foe; but only Celts or Anglo-Saxons could have faced the fire that was poured upon them. They wavered and went reeling back toward the eastern ridge; and then, down from the heights came the enemy, charging with such a yell as that which woke the echoes of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness. They were few in numbers, but fully a hundred of Bandera's men had fallen, and the rest had no stomach to face the yelling devils who were rushing down upon them. They broke, all semblance of order was lost, and a disorderly rabble spurred down the valley in headlong flight.

In the first moment of surprise Bandera had had no time to think of the two women, though he probably owed his life to the fact that he was riding by Virginia Trevelyan's side; and when the column marched by the flank they were left, comparatively alone, on the extreme left flank of the line. Taking advantage of the confusion, Virginia, seizing Nancy's horse by the bridle, rode still further to the left, and then, turning toward the ridge, advanced a little in the rear of the charging line. Thus, when the Mexicans wavered and reeled back, the two girls were left alone upon the field they had quitted. Bandera, raging like a demon, saw them just as his regiment broke and fled. With a fierce shout he galloped toward them, though the enemy were close upon him. Seeing him coming Virginia urged her horse to his utmost speed, calling to Nancy to do the same. Furious at seeing that she was about to escape him, the Mexican leveled his revolver and fired. The bullet struck her horse, which stumbled and fell. As he did so the girl, with splendid horsewomanship, disengaged her feet from the stirrups, and leaping to the ground ran toward the advancing line that had routed the Mexicans. A big man checked his horse in full career and leaped to the ground, and the girl ran straight into the arms of Red Dick O'Laughlin. With one arm about her waist, the red-bronze giant emptied his revolver after Bandera, who wheeled his horse about and was galloping after his fleeing regiment.

"They'll murder my father for this," said the girl.

"If they do, the same firing squad will shoot Dick O'Laughlin," said the man.

The pair were alone, for the tide of the charge had swept past them.

"Dick O'Laughlin," said the girl, disengaging herself from the giant's arm and blushing prettily as she did so, "not Red Dick O'Laughlin?"

"The very same," said Red Dick, looking down at her, "I was just going to tell you last night when the greasers surprised us."

The girl took the crumpled telegram from the fold of her dress where it had lain concealed since the night before, unfolded it, and read; then she held out her hand to Red Dick, blushing more prettily than ever.

"Ah, I see now," she said. "Aunt Agatha, who, for all that she is a dear old goose, was much wiser than I, sent you this when she found I had stolen away to try and reach Villa and intercede for my father. She knew of you from having read my father's letters, but she forgot that you did not know her and possibly had never heard of her, and that very likely you would not identify little baby Jennie, whom you used to carry on your shoulders and pick flowers for, with a young lady named Virginia; and so, when you found Nancy and me last night you were on your way to Chihuahua to thrust yourself into danger for a girl you did not know and doubtless thought you had never heard of before."

Red Dick held fast the shapely hand that lay in his own, and the girl made no motion to withdraw it. She was tall, but he towered above her, and as he looked down into her eyes he thought he could never have believed there was in the world a woman so beautiful: Brown hair which the morning sun touched with a golden glory, blue eyes that could flash with scorn or melt with tenderness, a face in which the resolute character of old Billy Trevelyan was mingled with a softness that was doubtless a heritage from her long dead mother, a form so perfect that a sculptor could not have detected a single flaw. A sudden sense of unworthiness smote Red Dick, and he relinquished the hand he held and stood like an awkward schoolboy before the radiantly beautiful woman.

The girl smiled up at him. "Forgive me for last night," she said. "I—I did not know, though I might have looked into your face and known that I could trust you."

Forgive her! Under the bronze of tropic sun and rain the hot blood surged into Red Dick's face. Forgive her! when his soul was at her feet. He started to stammer forth a fervid disclaimer that there was anything to forgive, when up from the south came the tramp of horses' hoofs, and Catamount Palmer, returning from the pursuit, rode up to them at the head of his men, and the words were left unspoken.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

## Plenty of Company.

There was an old Scottish pagan in a small village who could be by no means persuaded to attend church. One day the minister met him and began:

"How is it, John, you are so persistent in your absence from church?"

"Weel," replied John, "it's just like this—the sermons are over lang for me."

"John! John!" wrathfully cried the minister, "you'll dee and you'll go to a place where you'll hear no sermon, long or short."

"Ah, weel, maybe that will be," replied the phlegmatic John; "but I'm sure it'll no be for want of meenisters."

* * *

## Obedient.

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson.

" 'No,' said the captain," he read, " 'it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-a ——.' "

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

* * *

## Proof.

In a certain local store a lusty-lunged auctioneer was holding forth in flowing terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavoring to induce his audience to purchase.

Holding up a box of cigars, he shouted: "You can't get better, gentlemen, I don't care where you go, you can't get better!"

"No," came a cynical voice from the back of the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week, and I'm not better yet."

# The Purple Princess

## Or, An Emperor's Last Love

### By T. C. Harbaugh

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### CHAPTER XIII.

### BLACK KARL LOSES OUT.

THE startling announcement by old Hafford that Marc's nocturnal visitor was no less a person than the Emperor sent a chill to the young Coblenzer's heart. What if he lay dead in the hall below? What if Hafford had all too surely carried out his master's commands?

"My God!" cried Marc. "The Emperor Francis, you say?"

"It is the Emperor. I went down and looked into his face."

"But he is not dead? He cannot be!"

"I felt his pulse, master. I listened for his heart-beats, but heard none."

Marc flew from the room and sprang down the stair. At the bottom he stopped and stared with a face blanched to a deadly whiteness. The passage was empty!

He drew a sigh of relief and clung to the gilded banister.

"Pray Heaven Hafford's cast was not fatal," he murmured, and then opened the door which fronted the street. No one was in sight.

"Dead or alive," said he, turning back, "I dare not stay here. Coblenz is now too hot to hold me. I shall be hunted down like a baited wolf."

In a few moments he reappeared to his breathless retainer.

"Saddle the horses," he commanded. "We dare not tarry a minute in the city."

"It was Francis, then?"

"I cannot say. There was no one below."

"But I saw him there."

"I know you did, good Hafford. Your eyes are as keen as the eagle's. What became of his majesty I do not know. But the horses. Quick! We ride tonight."

Hafford instantly departed, and Eudora's lover was alone. He made haste to provide himself with sword and pistol; he put on his armor and awaited the old man's return.

Old Hafford was not long gone, but came to say that the mounts were ready.

"I know not when we shall return," said Marc. "We may never see Coblenz again."

"It's all one to old Hafford, master. I go with you to whatever confronts us," and they made their way to the stables and sprang to saddle.

Up to this time Marc had not mentioned their destination. The old man, accustomed to obey in everything, stifled his curiosity. When they had passed the city's wall, he noticed that his master turned his horse's head to the west.

"We ride to Castle Marx," said Marc, divining the look in his companion's eyes.

Hafford nodded.

"Something tells me that all is not well there."

"It is the home of the Purple Princess?"

"Yes, old boy."

"But who would harm her?"

"There are wolves in Germany," smiled Marc. "Some are crowned and some are not. You did not kill the Emperor, after all."

A grim smile overspread Hafford's face.

"But he will ever remember the jolt he got. If he had fallen on his head——"

"Evidently he did not," interposed Marc. "His unconsciousness could not have lasted long," and then he looked down the road upon which the stars were shining.

Meantime the Princess Eudora was having her own adventure in the White Castle. With Black Karl hammering at the heavy door which was already groaning on its ancient hinges, she stood, pale of face and sword in hand, looking now and then at Count Harl, into whose heart sank every stroke.

"They cannot be kept out," whined the little wretch. "The more we resist the more terrible will be Karl's vengeance."

"He is not inside yet," smiled Eudora. "We will talk of revenge when he gets through the gate—if he ever does."

Paul had been busy collecting the powder stored in the castle vaults and was heaping it up in the sparse court. Harl watched this proceeding with wildly beating heart. What did the Purple Princess mean? Would she really fire the heap if the door went down? Would she sacrifice them all to escape becoming Black Karl's prisoner? The thought blanched his face anew.

"Is that all, Paul?" she asked, when the youth paused.

"I have stripped the magazine," was the reply.

"Now lay a good train," was the answer. "Get ready the torch that will ignite it."

"Merciful heavens!" wailed Count Harl.

"Silence!" commanded Eudora. "I command here."

"But I will become a hunted beggar if I lose my stronghold."

"I'll build you another. Place the vise of silence on your tongue. There! you've set the torch, Paul."

As sparks leaped up from the powder train Harl stamped the ground in his desperation. All at once, unable to control himself, he sprang forward, but the point of Eudora's sword was at his throat.

"I'll spit you as I have spitted hares in the forest," she said, in stern tones. "Stand back, reptile. I wield the sword of Marx, and woe to the person whom it pierces!"

The gasping wretch fell back.

"Now to the secret way," said Eudora. "We must quit the White Castle."

"But my gold," groaned Count Harl.

"To perdition with your hoarded wealth!" cried Eudora. "Karl won't look for it in the ruins."

A few minutes later the three were in the lower tunnel which they had already explored under Harl's guidance, and the Purple Princess was forcing him ahead with the blade at his back.

"Here is the last door," came to her ears at last. "Beyond it is the open."

"Unlock the door, then."

"But our horses, mistress?" said young Paul.

"I haven't forgotten them," was the answer. "We will get others ere we are long on our way."

They were now in the open with the turrets of the White Castle looming behind them.

"Hark!" cried Eudora. "Black Karl can't curb his impatience. He keeps his blood at fever heat."

The short truce was being rudely broken, and the three paused and listened.

"There goes the door!" suddenly exclaimed Eudora. "I fancy Black Karl and his wolves are inside."

"Oh, my castle!" whimpered Count Harl.

"Well, you have a whole skin," Eudora returned. "That is better than waiting in the castle to have Karl cut it into shreds. Hear the brutes cheer," she went on. "They have really forced the door. Now, if the train——"

Her sentence was rudely broken by a tremendous sound, the earth seemed to be upheaved by some infernal convulsion, and a sheet of fire shot skyward. The silence that followed all this was almost palpable.

Count Harl beat his breast with his clinched hands, and when he had exhausted himself he fell prone upon the ground, where he groaned like a man in the agonies of death.

"Get up!" shouted Eudora, spurning him with her dainty foot. "Do what you like now, go back to your ruined nest, or keep us company."

"I dare not go back, for Black Karl may have escaped."

"That is true, Count. Should you fall into his hands, a nice time you would have explaining everything to his satisfaction."

"I'd sooner meet Beelzebub," and the little man wrung his hands in his despair. "I'll go with you, Princess."

"It is Coblenz, then," was the rejoinder. "How quiet it is back yonder. I am minded to go back and see what destruction has been wrought."

Harl looked at the Princess Eudora in amazement. Her coolness was wonderful. The destruction of the White Castle seemed complete, for not a turret was visible.

"Remain with the Count," she continued to young Paul, and then turned back.

The explosion had set the remains of the White Castle alight, and the bright light was looming heavenward. Eudora stopped on a hillock and looked downward. For a moment she saw no living forms, but all at once she discerned several running to and fro, but she could not distinguish them one from another.

"Some have escaped," she murmured. "I wonder if fate was kind to the robber baron?"

In another second she started and drew back. There was something actually moving at her feet. She drew her sword and leaned forward.

"Who art thou?" she asked, for the shape she had seen was humanlike.

The crawling man raised himself on his knees.

"I am Anselm," came to her ears in a low voice.

"One of Black Karl's wolves?"

"Black Karl was my master."

"Where is he now?"

"Under the ruins of the White Castle, mayhap."

A grim smile lit up the woman's face. The prostrate man fell over at her feet and lay still.

"Come," said the Princess to her waiting companions, when she rejoined them. "It is Coblenz now. I think we have pulled the wolf's fangs. You work was well done, Paul," and with this she placed herself at their head and strode away like one fitted to grace a throne.

### CHAPTER XIV.

### THE TERRIBLE VISITOR.

THE Princess Eudora was not long without a mount for herself and companions. A nearby castle supplied her with what was needed, and erelong the scene of her last adventure was left behind.

Count Harl was anxious to get away from his ruined castle, for he was by no means satisfied that Black Karl had perished, and the very thought of falling into the hands of the robber baron sent a cold tide through his veins.

The city on the banks of the Rhine had not yet loomed upon their vision when two horsemen were seen approaching, and when they came up Eudora reined in her steed and uttered a cry of joy. Marc of Coblenz echoed the cry, and was soon at the Purple Princess' side.

"It must not be Coblenz!" exclaimed the young man, after the Princess' story of her adventures.

"And pray why not?" she answered excitedly. "I dare not go back for fear of two things, the return of the Emperor and the possibility of Black Karl's escape."

"I have seen the Emperor," answered Marc, and he proceeded with the story of his encounter with Francis. "I am under the royal ban," he went on. "Francis will visit his wrath upon me for the treatment he received in my house."

"He might have been killed," observed Eudora, turning pale.

"Old Hafford did not mince matters with him," smiled Marc, in return. "He threw him headlong downstairs, and I gave the command. Fortune preserved the Emperor's life."

The Purple Princess reflected a moment.

"Then we will return to Castle Marx and meet whatever fate has in store for us," she presently said. "I am confident that Dagobert is treacherous, but we will manage to take care of him."

"I dare not go back," put in Count Harl, at this juncture. "I will fare on to Coblenz."

"Go, then," said Eudora, pointing toward the city yet miles away. "I thank you for the shelter of your castle."

"I have no castle," moaned the little Count.

"But you shall have one, one of these days," was the reply.

"Black Karl will stretch my neck long before that time, Princess," whereat Eudora laughed and bade him farewell.

"A cringer and a coward," she said to Marc, to whom she had turned. "He will sell himself to our enemies if he can."

"To be sure he will."

Before many hours had passed the fortress-castle was once more tenanted by its fair mistress. The Purple Princess went to her chambers, and soon gave orders for the castle to be placed in a state of defense. Dagobert obeyed with seeming enthusiasm, but Eudora mistrusted.

"What has happened here during my absence?" she asked one of her halberdiers whom she summoned into her presence.

The man shook his head.

"We have been in a state of suppressed excitement, mistress. The Black Friar has been seen again."

"The man of evil omen?" ejaculated Eudora. "Is it possible that one can live for centuries?"

"I know not as to that, but he has been seen?"

"Where?"

"He has been seen on the west battlement, and then Darost brushed him in the underground passage."

"Did the Black Friar speak?"

"He was as mute as the wraith he seems," was the reply.

"I will have the castle turned inside out!" exclaimed the Princess. "This specter comes only when danger impends, but strange to say, he appears only when danger threatens the House of Marx. If, as the Emperor declares, the Black Friar held him over the battlements, lowered his banner, and slew Grimal of the Red Guard, he must be flesh and blood."

The servant trembled at these words and crossed himself.

Eudora dismissed the man, and going out upon the battlement looked over the valley that lay below in the silvery moonlight. She was quite alone. Her gonfalon fluttered in the breeze which came up from the river, and the same wind toyed with her dark tresses.

All at once a cry so terrible assailed her ears that she turned and gripped the hilt of the sword she wore.

"What has happened now?" she exclaimed, turning abruptly on her heel, and bursting through a door which she flung open with the strength of a man. "Has some one encountered the Black Friar?"

"Dagobert is dead—murdered by the ghost!" came a thrilling cry from somewhere.

Eudora ran on until she reached the head of a stairway where she paused and looked down the dim space. A dark figure was seen at the foot.

"Where is Captain Dagobert?" she demanded, at the same time commanding the person to come up to her. A man ascended tremblingly.

He shuddered as he knelt at the Princess' feet.

"Dagobert still breathes," he muttered.

"Show me where he is," and Eudora, still holding her blade, followed the shaking halberdier.

Stretched on a low cot lay the captain of her guard. His face was white, and he was breathing heavily.

"So," said Eudora, as she stooped over him, "so you have encountered the Black Friar?"

"I felt his terrible clutch," gasped Dagobert. "He has talons like an eagle. I ran across him in the underground way that leads to the river."

"What is he like?"

"I never saw such a being. His face was partly concealed by his cowl, and his eyes blazed like balls of fire. I had but a single glance, for he was upon me like a jungle tiger and—that is all I knew."

"Why, you have the strength of a lion, Dagobert," smiled Eudora. "Methinks you should have overcome the Black Friar."

"All hell cannot conquer him!" cried Dagobert feeling his scarred throat. "He may be flesh and blood, as they say, but for all that he is not human."

Once more the Purple Princess returned to her chamber and divested herself of her weapon. The late adventures had taxed her womanish strength and she needed rest.

Bolting the door which led into the room, she threw herself upon a cot and soon passed into unconsciousness. The light in the room threw its rays over her pallid face, and the chamber became still.

All at once the Purple Princess found herself sitting bolt upright. The light seemed to have a weird flicker, and the room was partly darkened. A cry almost parted her lips when she observed a figure at the table in the middle of the room. She studied it with her heart in her throat.

It was the figure of a man arrayed in

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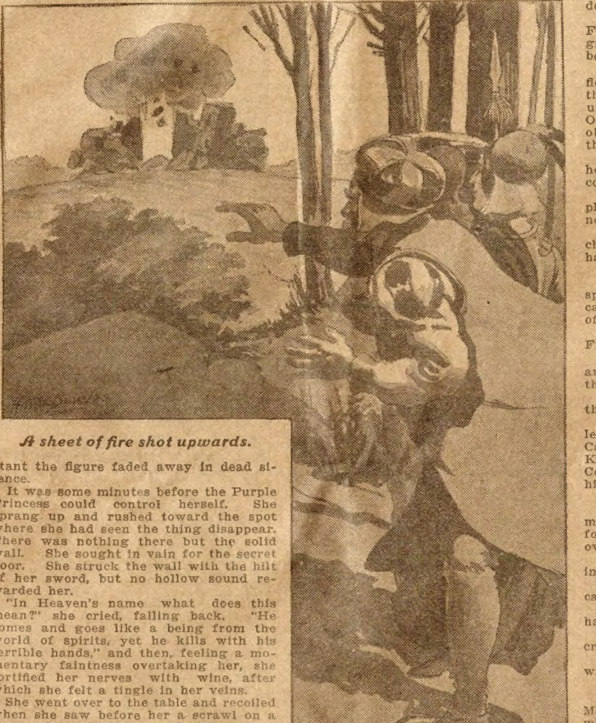

*A sheet of fire shot upwards.*

the deepest black, with the face half hidden by a dark cowl. One hand was moving through some papers on the cloth, and Eudora watched it with rapidly beating heart. How had the being entered the room?

The breathless woman on the cot did not let a single movement of the strange object escape her. At last the specter arose and drew itself to its full height. It was the Black Friar indeed.

When the face was turned toward her Eudora gave a gasp, for the features were such as she had never seen before. They were human yet ghostly, supernatural yet a connecting link between man and spirit. Eudora uttered a cry, which she could not keep back.

There was a sudden start on the part of her ghostly guest; the Purple Princess shrank back upon the cot. With a slow movement the Black Friar moved toward the wall, followed by Eudora's distended eyes. A long arm was thrust out, a door opened where she had never known a door to exist, and the next instant the figure faded away in dead silence.

It was some minutes before the Purple Princess could control herself. She sprang up and rushed toward the spot where she had seen the thing disappear. There was nothing there but the solid wall. She sought in vain for the secret door. She struck the wall with the hilt of her sword, but no hollow sound rewarded her.

"In Heaven's name what does this mean?" she cried, falling back. "He comes and goes like a being from the world of spirits, yet he kills with his terrible hands," and then, feeling a momentary faintness overtaking her, she fortified her nerves with wine, after which she felt a tingle in her veins.

She went over to the table and recoiled when she saw before her a scrawl on a sheet of parchment. At first it looked like meaningless lines, then she made out a word or two, and set to work deciphering the writing.

A heavy rap sounded on the main door.

"Do you live, Princess?" called out a voice which took her across the room, and her hand was instantly at the iron key.

"Is it you, Marc?" she gasped, as the opened door revealed the man from Coblenz.

"Praise God yes, my love!" was the rejoinder. "How white your face is."

"Did you, too, see it?" exclaimed Eudora.

"I know not what you mean," was the reply. "But I saw a moving demon that vanished into thin air."

"It was the Black Friar!" cried Eudora, seizing Marc's wrist. "I saw him in this room. I——"

"What is this?" interrupted Marc, snatching up the parchment. "See! Here is the Emperor's name. The words have been burned into the paper by some hellish art!" and Marc threw the writing from him and looked up into Eudora's colorless face.

## CHAPTER XV.

## EMPEROR AND PRINCESS.

FOR almost a week the Purple Princess and Marc of Coblenz remained in the castle-fortress with no news from the outside world. They were happy in each other's presence, and there were hours of love which the menials did not see. More than once the castle had been scoured for the Black Friar. Keen sleuth-hounds searched it from turret to dungeon, eager to drag to light this mysterious being, but their vigilance was unrewarded.

Dagobert still insisted that he had been seized by the specter, and in proof thereof showed the marks of fingers on his dark throat. He declared that he would quit the castle rather than have another tussle with the demon, but when he sought to carry his resolve into execution, Eudora interposed and commanded him to remain within the walls. She would sooner have the suspected man with her than outside, where he could communicate with the Emperor.

"Francis will come again," she said to Marc. "We are to feel the talons of the imperial eagle. He will discover your escape from Coblenz, and intuition will set him on your trail."

Marc's hand involuntarily sought the hilt of his sword.

"Nay," cried Eudora, divining his thoughts by his action, "you must not slay the Emperor."

"But he would rob me of you, my love," flushed the young man. "He would take the dove from its castle nest and——"

"We will see about the taking when that hour comes," was the answer. "Calm yourself, Marc. I am yet the Princess Eudora, and your future bride."

It was the twilight of the seventh day when some one on the wall descried a cortege winding through the picturesque valley below. A cry summoned the tenants of Castle Marx to the battlements.

"Look!" cried Marc, whose eye was as keen as a falcon's. "Yonder flies the Emperor's banner."

Eudora's face went a little pale, but she did not speak.

"Do you see it, love?" queried Marc.

"I perceive the royal ensign," was the answer, in tones which the menials did not hear. "It flutters gracefully in the breeze."

For some time they remained on the wall gazing at the sight in the valley. Nearer and nearer came the advancing cavalcade.

"Francis rides at the head of his band," muttered Marc. "Now we shall meet the lion of Germany once more."

"Unbar the gate," suddenly commanded Eudora. "Lower the drawbridge that his majesty may not be kept out."

Marc bestowed upon her a look of genuine amazement.

"Am I to be trapped by my royal foe?" he thought. "Does the Princess intend to hand me over to the fangs of this crowned beast?"

In a few moments a sonorous blast from a horn awoke the echoes of the valley, and Marc gazed half-stupefied at the woman he loved. The drawbridge had been lowered, and the gate of the castle unbarred by the eager hands of Dagobert.

"To your chamber," said the Princess to the wondering Marc. "I will receive his majesty."

Francis on his white steed rode through the gate, and doffed his plumed hat to the woman who stood apart from all waiting for him. His face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled like gems.

"Welcome," said Eudora, in her sweetest tones. "The gates of Castle Marx are always open to receive my royal guest."

The Emperor dismounted and advanced with outstretched hands.

"This welcome sinks into my heart," he exclaimed, looking into the deep, dark eyes of the loveliest woman in all Germany. "There is no war between us, Princess."

"None but what your majesty makes," was the answer.

Shut up in his chamber, raging like a leashed lion, was Marc of Coblenz. He paced the floor like a captive tiger, fuming at the thought of Eudora receiving the man who but lately had attempted his life.

"This is torture!" he cried out. "Why does she put me to this state of mind?" Does she not love me? If so why does she talk pleasantly to Francis of Germany?"

By this time the whole cavalcade had entered the castle, thirty armed men clad in the gorgeous livery of the great man whom they served, and all glowering at Eudora's halberdiers, whom they hated with all the intensity of their natures.

"You must feast," said the Purple Princess to the Emperor. "I have ordered the banquet prepared and——"

"You are too good, Princess," replied Francis. "Had I more subjects like your gracious self my cup of happiness would be full to overflowing."

Once more the banner of Germany floated over Castle Marx, and beneath it the emblem of Marx. A smile of triumph illumined the Emperor's face. Once or twice he caught the eye of Dagobert, and saw a strange expression therein which he could not fathom.

"I must have converse with Dagobert," he thought. "To my notion this welcome seems to be overdone."

The opportunity soon came, and he plucked Dagobert's sleeve in his eagerness to have the first word.

"Meseems," said he, "that things have changed since my last visit. What has happened since then?"

A grim smile came to Dagobert's lips.

"Much, your majesty," said he. "If I speak hoarsely, know ye that it is because my throat has felt the devil claws of the Black Friar."

"What, the Black Friar?" cried Francis, turning pale.

"Yea, my lord. He has fingers of fire and eyes of flame. We have ransacked the castle for him, but without avail."

"We'll unearth him now, or I am not the Emperor. Is that all?"

"Nay, the Princess rode toward Coblenz, but got no nearer than the White Castle, where she was besieged by Black Karl, but she escaped by blowing up Count Harl's stronghold after Karl and his wolves had taken possession."

"And the robber baron?"

"'Tis said he perished with all his men. But I lay no stress on the story, for when did Satan refuse to protect his own?"

"Surely, now, you have nothing more in your budget, Dagobert."

"A little more, your majesty. The castle harbors Marc of Coblenz."

Francis started as though a serpent had sounded its deadly hiss at his feet.

"That rat here? In Castle Marx?" he cried.

"He came back from toward Coblenz with the Princess."

"The two only?"

"Young Paul escorted Eudora, and Marc had an attendant, an old wolf whose visage I do not like."

"The devil who threw me down the staircase!" grated Francis. "I shall have the pleasure of paying my compliments to the grisly wretch."

"Be careful, your majesty. This old lion has never shed his teeth," cautioned Dagobert.

"But I will pull them," was the response, "and I assure you, Dagobert, that the dentistry will long be remembered."

At this juncture young Paul came into view and announced that the feast was ready, whereupon Dagobert and the Emperor separated, the latter going toward the well-known banquet chamber at the door of which stood the beautiful Eudora to welcome him.

She had never looked so lovely before. Her costume of jeweled purple became her like a queenly robe, and her face was wreathed in smiles. Francis for the moment was quite overcome by his reception.

In the midst of the repast he suddenly lowered his glass of Moselle and turned to the glowing Princess.

"I have heard rumors of your late adventure," said he, as his fair hostess started a little.

Eudora colored deeply.

"It was not much, your majesty," she smiled. "Only a little brush with the king of the Dark Forest."

"Who did not escape to narrate his experience?"

"As to that I cannot say," answered Eudora. "I shall rebuild Harl's castle for him, but I cannot put courage into his craven heart."

"I shall untitle the wretch," cried Francis, striking the board with his clinched hand. "He shall know that I am his suzerain, and I am all powerful."

At the conclusion of the repast Francis arose and offered his hand to the Princess.

"What is this other rumor I hear?" he asked, looking into her eyes. "You did not return to Castle Marx alone?"

"I had young Paul with me," was the

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evasive answer of the Purple Princess.

"But the other one?"

Hatred was fast driving the color from the Emperor's cheeks.

"Aha! you mean Marc of Coblenz? We did encounter him on our way to Coblenz——"

"And brought him back with you?"

The white hand of the Princess clutched the delicate stem of her wine glass.

"Marc is now my guest."

Francis fell back in his chair and was getting dark in the face.

"Know ye, Princess, what he did to me?" he stammered. "But for good fortune I would not be with you this hour. Where is this would-be murderer?"

White with passion the Emperor was on his feet, his blade halfway out of its sheath, and his eyes on fire. He had overturned the chair in his rising.

"Calm yourself," exclaimed Eudora, seizing his wrist and meeting his fury halfway. "Marc of Coblenz is my guest, I say. And while he is in Castle Marx no man shall touch him!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

## WHEN STEEL MET STEEL

FRANCIS OF GERMANY quailed before the stern demeanor of the fascinating woman whom he had chosen for his empress. He knew intuitively that he had roused the lion in the Marx blood. Eudora faced him in her stateliness, her face pale under suppressed excitement. There was a little sound. The stem of her wine glass had snapped in her hand.

"So," cried the Emperor, showing his anger in his tones, "so you harbor the man who would have taken my life?"

"Only after you had sought his, sire," was the reply.

"I cannot consent to this treason."

"Treason it may be in your mind, but not in mine."

With a low bow Francis sought his own chambers, while the Purple Princess, still white, remained at the table. She had not long to wait for the result of the stormy interview.

Paul suddenly invaded her presence and halted pallid before her.

"What is it now, Paul?" quietly inquired Eudora.

"The Emperor has ordered the castle searched."

"For the Black Friar?"

"Nay, for Marc of Coblenz."

A shudder seemed to shake Eudora's frame.

"As my suzerain he has that authority," she said. "But I will be a Marx to the end."

Paul gazed at her as she swept from the apartment, and smiled at her resolution.

"It is diamond cut diamond," he said to himself. "We shall see who comes out best in this little game of love and war."

Meantime Francis had let no grass grow under his feet. He had descended from his room, and was now in the open court where his guards were playing at quoits with some of Eudora's halberdiers.

"My enemy nests in this retreat!" he thundered, as every eye was fixed upon him. "Marc of Coblenz, who sought my life, is here. Search the castle and drag him from his hiding place."

A board grin suffused Dagobert's face. He looked at Eudora's guards and saw them waiting for his commands.

"Obey your Emperor, one and all," continued the maddened Francis. "Let not the lout escape you."

The silence of Dagobert nonplused the halberdiers.

The Emperor's minions, accustomed to obey at all times, sprang to the work, and in a few moments different parts of the fortress-castle rang with their heavy tread.

Marc of Coblenz seemed to divine what had transpired. He stood in the middle of his room, sword in hand, and a flash of defiance in his eyes. The curses and wild shouts of the Germans sounded everywhere. They were opening doors all over Castle Marx, and he heard the noises of their heavy weapons as they attacked portals that barred them out.

Marc's quarters were on the second floor and in the east wing of the famous old pile.

"Let this royal wolf come within reach of my blade!" parted his bloodless lips. "Emperor though he be, I will do more to him than old Hafford did. Why does he not come?"

He went to the door and laid his hand on the bronze knob. He was panting to get into the fray, and nothing but Eudora's commands prevented him from throwing the portal wide and lunging into the light beyond. He now heard the soldiers on the broad staircase, their weapons beating against the wall as they ascended, and their sharp cries as they sought to carry out the wishes of the man they served.

"I must go," cried he, almost breathless with impatience. "They will not respect the person of the Princess in their madness. Hell has spat forth its fiends into Castle Marx."

He drew back as another voice saluted his ears. The sounds on the staircase instantly ceased.

"You cannot come up," said the voice, which he instantly recognized. "What mean you in desecrating the home of my forefathers?"

Marc imagined Eudora facing the liveried mob in all her beauty and boldness. He thought he saw her standing at the head of the stair, sword in hand and defiance in her mien. And he had imagined correctly.

At the first sounds of the man-hunt the Purple Princess had hurried forth, and now she stood above the searchers, looking down upon them in defiance as her hand gripped the hilt of her steel. No wonder the Emperor's menials had drawn back from the sight that met their gaze.

"Tell your Emperor I shall not surrender Marc of Coblenz to his vengeance," said she. "I have heard the story of the scene in the city. Francis of Germany sought his life and got the worst of the play. Marc came hither as my guest, and I stand between him and violence."

"But all that is in Germany is mine," returned a loud voice, and the Emperor stood among his men. "Go on, my braves, and bring this hidden hyena to me."

At this Eudora descended a step and leaned toward Francis. She was glorious in her beauty, her purple dress clinging to her supple form and the jewels at her throat dazzling in their richness.

"On! on!" shouted the Emperor. "I will reckon with the Princess by and by."

The minions started upward again, but the beauty's blade made a swift pass in their faces and they went no farther. The Emperor ground his teeth and cursed their unwillingness to feel the sword of Marx.

"I'll raze your nest but what I have him!" roared Francis, glaring at the woman on the stair.

"Come on, then!" defied Eudora.

At this moment there came to the ears of all the opening of a door. There was a cry from somewhere, and almost instantly another form stood beside the Purple Princess.

Francis burst forth in rage when he caught sight of his rival.

"I need ye not," said the Princes to Marc. "I am capable of dealing with the horde down yonder."

"Not with a pack like that," was the response. "I heard their cries, and all the powers of earth could not have kept me from your side."

It was a proud look Marc received at that moment from the woman he loved, but he did not retreat.

"Call all the men to this baiting," shouted Francis. "We have flushed our prey, and will soon be in at the death."

The command went like lightning to every part of the castle. There was a scurrying in one direction, and soon the Emperor was surrounded by his entire escort.

One of Eudora's retainers suddenly appeared at the end of the passage, and the moment she caught sight of him her voice rang out in startling tones:

"Tear down the Emperor's banner!" she commanded.

"It is already down, Princess."

"Open the castle gate and lower the drawbridge. The Emperor shall have a free way out."

"But the Emperor goes only when he lists," cried Francis. "Yield the man at your side, and all will be peace between us."

"Then there will be no peace," was the retort. "Eudora of Marx throws no guest into the teeth of the wolf."

"Up then, I say!" thundered Francis. "We will turn this nest into a shambles but what we get our prey."

There was a furious dash up the staircase, the foremost men shielding their faces from the swords that confronted them, and the Emperor himself sprang into their midst.

"Where are the German wolves?" shouted a voice till now unheard. "Let old Hafford teach them a lesson ere he dies."

Some one pushed the Princess aside. It was Marc's old swordsman, his white hair falling over his shoulders and his lips welded like bars of steel. He was unarmed, but there was danger in the great hands he thrust forward, and in his mien was the deadliest peril.

He went straight at the foremost ruffian, whom he caught and lifted in mid-air. He held him there a second, and then with all his strength hurled him into the midst of his comrades. He seemed to go through the mass like a cannon ball, scattering the soldiers right and left, and staggering the Emperor himself.

"No more, Hafford," said Eudora, with firmness, though she smiled approval of his act. "You have scattered the beasts and now——"

The cursing mob was coming up the stair again. Marc threw himself before the Purple Princess to shield her person, but he, too, was forced back by her intervening hand. It was an onslaught which no one could stay. The Emperor's wolves were on the landing.

A straight thrust by Marc of Coblenz sent one backward, Hafford dealt a blow in another's face, and Eudora, leaning against the wall, awaited the rest.

"Down with the wolves!" cried the old retainer. "Death to the fiends of Germany."

Francis, having recovered from his momentary defeat, was rushing forward, encouraging his band with loud commands, and itching to get at the youth of the city on the Rhine.

A death struggle was imminent.

"Harm not the Princess," cried Francis. "The man who touches her shall lose his head."

"Better the loss of my head than a throne!" responded Eudora.

There was a flashing of blades in the semi-darkened corridor. Sparks flew in a rain from the conflicting steel, and the clamor was dreadful. Marc was forced back, menaced by a dozen swords, and several were at his throat when a wild shout startled every one.

"The robbers! the robbers of the Rhine! Black Karl is in the castle!"

And as the cry trembled the air, Marc swept away the fringe of steel, and, clutching Eudora's wrist, fled with her down the passage.

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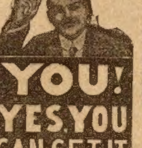

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# Detective Keeneyes' Craft

## Or, THE DELEMERE MYSTERY

### By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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### CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT WAS evidently with a great effort that the physician held himself under control as the detective calmly seated himself to explain what he had patched together out of small bits of facts and shrewd conclusions. Keeneyes, instead of stating his deductions as if they were mere hypotheses, spoke with absolute conviction, insomuch that he appeared to hold in reserve ample proofs for everything he said.

Dr. Smerll listened to him in amazed silence, wondering how this stranger to Meadowville life had picked up such remarkable facts.

"My dear Doctor, if I should touch upon personalities, I beg you to believe it is because those personalities are intimately connected with the case. I have referred to your custom of occasionally getting drunk, and it is true that I did this simply to excite you so I could study you in the rough. Now, having studied you in the rough, and learned just what sort of man you are——"

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the other, ironically.

"Having learned that, I shall not again unnecessarily wound you."

"Will you kindly tell me what manner of man I am, Mr. Detective?"

"Willingly. You are a weak man, else you would not drink to excess, incapacitating yourself for your business, and making yourself at times a shame to your friends."

"By Heaven, sir! You venture too far!"

"Not at all, not at all. Pray let me continue. Do not grow angry over known facts; if you must get mad, get mad at yourself for being weak. Now wait. Being weak, you have not that decision of character, at all times, to carry you through certain crises such as may arise in any man's life. Not having sufficient decision of character, you will at times, when confronted by difficulties, either shun them, or grow foolishly reckless. Is not this logical?"

"It is at all events highly insulting; but I am resolved to learn all you know; and to prove your error about my lack of self-control, I shall not just at this time resent your insolence by physical means. Pray continue."

"I shall continue; but I doubt if it will be to your instruction so long as you maintain this attitude. Well, we find you weak, lacking in decision, prone to commit folly, unreliable. Now suddenly a great crisis rises beefore you. You are compelled in an instant to determine how to meet it. But, alas! That faculty which should enable you to emerge with glory has been undermined by your habits—am I not correct?"

Dr. Smerll glowered at him without speaking.

"So, I am correct; very good. What is this crisis? Let us go to it from the beginning. You love Miss Denvers, love her devotedly, passionately. I cannot say constantly, because of course your constancy has been undermined along with your decision of character. At any rate, you love her in your way. Her parents naturally object to you. A drunkard in the family is no small responsibility. You cannot complain of them for objecting—you would object in their place; but while not complaining, you are determined to act in opposition to their wishes. You would elope with Miss Denvers if she consents. Very good; she consents. Does she love you? She thinks so. The night is set—it is the night before the Delemere house was blown to atoms. Am I right?"

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"I say nothing," Smerll declared. "Tell what you know."

"I shall do so—thank you. It is arranged that Miss Denvers is to seem to go abroad, to be gone a long time before a letter from her can be received. Why is this? Well, in the first place, she had thought much of joining the touring party, and that fact naturally suggested your plot. Moreover, if she is thought on the ocean, nobody will look for her—she will not be suspected of an elopement. This leads us to the conclusion that it is your intention, after the marriage, to live with her for a time before making the marriage public. To what end? Are you afraid of her parents? If so, they would be just as hostile at the end of two or three weeks as at the beginning. But possibly during the two or three weeks of seclusion, something may happen to change the minds of her parents. We will come to that later. But you see the necessity of my conclusions, do you not?"

"I say nothing—proceed."

"Thank you; all I desire is a willing ear. Now, during these two or three weeks, where shall Miss Denvers—or rather, Mrs. Smerll—be concealed? You have—in fancy—eloped with her, driven at night to another country town, the next day married her—then what? You cannot leave your practice, or at least, I find that you do not leave it. What then? Why, the plan must be for your wife to dwell near you, presumably in this very town——"

"What!" cried the physician starting up. "You dare accuse me——"

"And suppose I do? If I'm wrong, what does it matter to you? Physician, heal thyself—I mean, be calm! You plan, therefore, to keep her in this town or hereabouts. Miss Denvers agrees to this plan—in fact, likes it immensely, as from her windows she can watch her old neighbors, possibly see her father and mother passing in the streets, all serene, thinking her in Italy, nobody troubled. You have promised her that something shall happen to win her parents' consent, so all is well—I mean in the program outlined.

"Does the scheme work? We shall see. We come now to the fatal night, the night on which Miss Denvers is to elope—the night on which Miss Delemere is said to have been kidnaped—the night preceding the dynamiting. Excellent. Miss Denvers, after ostensibly starting for New York two days before, is waiting in Meadowville for you to come for her to carry her off to the sea of matrimony—excuse me. Well, if she is in this town, how did she get back without everybody knowing about it? She must have returned at night, certainly not on foot; she has been driven across country from the station at which she left the train. Do you follow me?"

"Very closely."

"Who brought her back? Then, having reached Meadowville, where does she go? It is not to be imagined that such a young lady as our Miss Denvers would let herself be shifted about like a chessman without some confidante, nor can I think that you, single-handed, could manage so many duties at once—meeting her at that station, bringing her here, ready with a fresh horse to carry her away—no, no! She has a friend who knows everything; and you have a man to assist you. Shall I name her friend?"

"Do so."

"In a moment. Well, in due time, at the moment agreed upon, here you come with your horses, to elope with Miss Denvers. You drive up to the yard—I do not say which yard, but it is not because I am ignorant. You then expect her to come forth immediately, for in such affairs there is no time to waste except the years that follow. And you are not thinking of those years. But, my dear sir, I fancy that she has begun to think of those very years. To get my language down on your level, Miss Denvers is regretting the whole plot. She doubts if she really loves you enough—no, I do not state the whole truth; let me do so—she has found that she does not love you at all. The rose of romance—excuse me; the halo—What I mean to say is this: She decides to break her engagement. You say nothing?"

"I am listening."

"But you, in the meantime, know nothing of her change of heart. Or rather, I may say, the awakening of her eyes. You confidently expect her to come out to the carriage, or buggy, or surrey—I know not what. But she does not come. Impatiently you go to the house. I think you enter. I'm not sure whether you actually go in or not; I cannot know everything, because no man can. At any rate, either in the house, or at the door, or window, you are accosted by a lady whom you suppose to be Miss Denvers. It is very dark. She dares not have a light, and feeling you are a gentleman, she trusts herself to you. You whisper that there must be no delay—'Come, come, come!' you cry, or words to that effect. She does not stir. She will not budge. She falters that she has changed her mind. You urge her to flee. She will not. My poor fellow, you are not exactly yourself—you have been drinking. You always drink before any great event, naturally before so great an event as an elopement. You try to use force—'Too late now to go back,' you cry. She is thought in Europe. 'All is arranged,' you say. In the meantime, where is Miss Denvers?"

"You might say that she is standing there arguing aginst the elopement. But this is not Miss Denvers. Who is it? We are not to be left in doubt as to that. Finding that you are resolved to bundle her into the carriage—that in the darkness, in her cloak, and in your semi-intoxicated state you all the while believe her to be Miss Denvers—which she wanted you to believe before she dreamed you could threaten violence—she cries out loudly. Her words I do not venture to reproduce; but the fact they expressed is as follows: 'I am Alice Delemere!'"

Dr. Smerll stared at Keeneyes as at a phantom.

"Nor is this all. While you are trying to grasp the truth, Abe Deadening has appeared upon the scene. He hears those words. He finds that this is Alice Delemere. What is Abe Deadening doing here? Evidently he is your agent, the man who drove Miss Denvers back to Meadowville from the station. You had posted him at the rear to prevent any interference with the plans of elopement. Abe Deadening has just witnessed the abduction from the rear of the Delemere house. He believes he has seen Alice Delemere kidnaped. Now he finds her standing in the deserted house—or beside the deserted house— the house from whose barn he witnessed the abduction. Here is a miracle. Are there two Alice Delemeres? In fact, the girl kidnaped could not have been Alice Delemere. Who then? Why, Miss Denvers.

"You see? Alice Delemere had taken pity on Miss Denvers, when learning how her soul had revolted against the elopement. 'Sleep in my room tonight,' she told her, 'and I will tell Dr. Smerll the plans are all off.' So while Miss Denvers was being abducted as Alice Delemere, Alice Delemere was confronting you with the declaration that there was to be no elopement. Am I right?"

"Possibly."

"We have now reached your crisis. You are confronted by the girl who is not your sweetheart. You are horribly disappointed. What will you do? You have no idea where Miss Denvers is, and you must know instantly. Can you compel Alice Delemere to tell you? But when you find out the truth, how are you to act?

"This scene is very dramatic. Here stands Alice Delemere, whom you have just discovered is not Miss Denvers. Here stands Abe Deadening, staring as at a ghost—he saw Alice Delemere kidnaped, he thinks, yet here she is. I repeat, what do you do?"

"Well," cried out the physician, violently, tension giving away, "what did I do?"

"Ah, my dear sir, I shall be perfectly frank with you in this as in all else. Unfortunately, I do not know what you did. I believe you used violence in such a way as to overcome Alice Delemere—possibly struck her, or knocked her down, in your rage; or tried to strangle her, for we must remember you are half-drunk; perhaps you are worse than that. At any rate, it is fair to conclude that you are at your most dangerous degree of intoxication. You might claim that you are not responsible for what you did just then. But whatever you did, Abe Deadening was horrified. Coming on top of his stupefaction, it quite unbalanced his poor mind. He fled. Did you compel Alice Delemere to get into that carriage? Did you drive her off? Or did you lock her up in the deserted house? I do not ask you, because I presume you would refuse to tell. Perhaps you could not tell."

"All this is highly——"

"Wait! Let us reason together. Had you locked her up in that house, no matter how cruelly you may have struck her, she would in due time recover consciousness; recovering, she would scream for help; screaming, she would be overheard. On the other hand, you have the vehicle in waiting. Now, it is reasonable to conclude that you forced her into it, drove away with her. Perhaps it is during this mad drive that you compel her to tell you where Miss Denvers is. Then what? Well, it is safe to affirm that you do one thing—you drink again; and again. Your object is now to get back to the Delemere house, where Miss Denvers is, as you suppose, peacefully sleeping—for in Abe Deadening's excitement, he said nothing of the abduction. Leaving Alice Delemere, I know not where or in what condition, you post back to town, go to the Delemere house. It is still night, but evidently almost daybreak. To this house, I say, you go."

"Mr. Detective," cried out the trembling listener, "I am satisfied—it's enough. I'll confess everything!"

"What for? Keep silent so I can tell you about it. You come back to the Delemere house. You see the ladder leaning against the window; the window of the room in which Alice Delemere has sworn to you that Miss Denvers is sleeping. You climb that ladder, I know not with what emotions; you know not—for you are drunk. You climb in the window. The bed is deserted—she is gone. But wait—you glare about like a wild beast, you see her garments, you have absolute proofs that she has slept in this room. In your crazed condition, you think you have discovered a hideous plot. You know that Edgar Delemere has always been in love with Miss Denvers; you decide that it is a plot to bring them together; and that Edgar's sister has helped them in this plot, has deceived you. In your brute rage—I hope you don't mind?"

The physician had buried his face in his hands. He did not look up. "Go on—I deserve the worst you can say."

"Thank you. In your brute rage you tell yourself that there is one thing left you—revenge. You will blow up the house. You go back to your office, you secure explosives. Evidently you have played at manufacturing bombs. To put a bomb in that bedroom with a time-fuse that will allow you for a long time to gloat over the approaching catastrophe, strikes you as the happiest of ideas. You do this. You prepare your fuse so it will explode the bomb while the family are all enjoying their breakfast. You imagine that Miss Denvers and her lover will be at that table. You gloat over the thought. Then you go to your private apartments in your hotel, and for several days are in the ecstasies of one of your most prodigious sprees. When you wake up, as we may say, what are your sensations?"

"I will tell you—I will tell you all I know, and all that unhappily I do not know."

"Very well," said Keeneyes, reluctantly, "if you insist."

### CHAPTER XL.

"FIRST," the physician said, in a broken voice, "I must insist upon knowing how you have made all these discoveries."

"Purely from seeking rational causes for seemingly irrational actions. Wherever there is an effect, there must have been a cause. This is axiomatic; and yet, although a truth that everybody knows, let a man be suddenly confronted by something beyond his comprehension, and nine times out of ten he is absolutely staggered—if a man like Abe Deadening, he even loses his wits. Now, suppose I had been in the place of Abe Deadening. Very good—I have just, as I suppose, seen Alice Delemere carried off at full gallop by a horseback kidnaper; I step to the house, and here is Alice Delemere struggling in your drunken hands. What would I conclude?"

"Well?"

"I would say to myself—not in words, of course—in subconscious thought-flashes, I'd say to myself: 'I see an effect; an effect apparently of the same body in two places at the same time; but for this there must be a cause. Let us seek the cause.'"

"But, Mr. Detective, I cannot accept the statement that all you have told me tonight was reached merely by process of reasoning like a detective in an absurd book. It is not given to an ordinary man——"

"An ordinary man! And where is your ordinary man? Are you speaking of yourself? I am Richard Zellers, better known as Keeneyes, the Detective. You had much better proceed with your confession and not try to reason."

"It is for you to command. But what can I tell one so extraordinary who already knows what I think before I think it? But to be brief: As you have said, Miss Denvers agreed to elope with me, having first deceived her parents by making them think her in Europe. Our scheme was as follows: In Europe, she was to become separated from her touring party, and from Europe the report would come that she had been killed in some accident. This I would communicate to her parents by indirect means, so they would not know it came from me—would never know. In their agony of

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mind I would go to them. I would say, 'Your daughter and I were married several months ago—she has been living right here. Knowing your opposition, we were afraid to reveal the truth. I do so now only because of your grief. Your daughter did not go to Europe—is not killed—is alive and well.'"

"And you reasoned that, rather than know her dead in a foreign land, they would accept you as their son-in-law?"

"Exactly."

"But how were you to keep her in the deserted house which is unfurnished?"

"No, no, she was to have come to my house. I had already spoken to my housekeeper, telling her I'd not need her services longer. Miss Denvers knew she could keep hidden in my house without any one suspecting her there. The deserted house was used merely as a rendezvous previous to the elopement. Abe Deadening drove her there at night, and stayed all the time at the barn in order to protect her in case of need. She was there a night and a day. That's where she had a chance to talk to Alice Delemere, who lived just across the alley. And that's where she had a chance to get out of the notion of me—staying in that bare house, nothing pretty or attractive about her."

"Oh, I see."

"So they made it up between them—she was to slip into the Delemere house, sleep in Alice's room; Alice would come to the deserted house to tell me there could be no elopement. So it happened. And as you guessed, I was hardly myself. I didn't know what to do. I had come with my horses for Miss Denvers—here was Alice Delemere, refusing to tell me where my fiancee was. I forced her into the buggy—I'm afraid I was terribly rough with her, I think at the first flash, I tried to choke her to keep her from screaming for help; but in fact, it is all rather vague to my mind. Abe saw her with my hands about her neck—saw me crowd her into the buggy and dash away. It was too much for him, knowing how implicated he was in the whole affair."

"I understand. Proceed—now you are driving Alice Delemere away in your insane fury. What next? You force her to tell you what has become of Miss Denvers?"

"Yes, at last she confesses that my fiancee is sleeping in the Delemere house."

"Now to the point—what did you do with Alice Delemere?"

"I stopped the horses, made her get out in the road, and galloped the horses back to town."

"And your object?"

"By that time we were about ten miles from town. I told myself that Alice Delemere could never get back to town to frustrate my object before I could reach her house."

"Meaning to seize upon Miss Denvers by brute force?"

"Yes, yes! I was not myself."

"But why could not Alice Delemere have stopped at a farmer's and telephoned a warning?"

"She didn't know my object. I drove in another direction, swearing I'd never return to Meadowville. That was for effect. She hoped to get back to town, I imagine, to reconcile Miss Denvers to her parents."

"Well—then when you reached town, you found the bedroom empty?"

"Yes, and after that all is a blurred memory. I know I had some bombs in my house. As you said, I enjoyed experimenting with their manufacture. After my spree I missed one of them. I can't remember anything about taking it to the Delemere house; but it is very likely. I was desperate, thinking Alice Delemere had betrayed me—had assisted Miss Denvers to elope with Edgar. And I was crazed from drink. I may have blown up the house. I think I did."

"But in reality, what did become of Miss Denvers?"

"God knows! It is a horrible mystery. And Alice Delemere—was she lost in the woods? Did she ever find her way home? Was she blown up? I have told you all I know."

"And I thank you sincerely for it; you have opened up a perfect mine of clews. Upon my word, Doctor, you have proved yourself invaluable."

Dr. Smerll blinked at him uncomprehendingly.

"You have told me what has always annoyed me by its obscurity—namely the one-by-one disappearance of the Delemere family; I mean how Edgar went upstairs from the fatal breakfast; then his father; then his mother—and then—poof! bang! The explosion."

"I have told you the explanation?"

"Certainly."

"But I do not know it myself."

"That is very probable."

"Then what do you mean?"

"You tell me that you left Alice Delemere in the road ten miles from town on that dark night. Would she not naturally wish to come home? Certainly. But how? Under ordinary circumstances she would call for help. But these are no ordinary circumstances. Miss Denvers, supposed to be in Europe, is in her bedroom, and at her conniving. What will Miss Denvers' parents say if they learn that Alice was abetting you in your elopement plot? They mustn't know. How can Alice call for help without everything coming to light? She must reach home undiscovered. Accordingly she walks. At that distance, when would she reach home? About daylight, perhaps. Probably. Almost certainly. At daylight, footsore and exhausted, she creeps into her yard. The ladder is against the window. Heavens! What does it mean? She concludes that you have deceived her, have come for Miss Denvers. She creeps up to her room by the ladder or by the back stairs, I cannot say. She gets into her room, at any rate. It is empty. You have been before her, have hidden your bomb somewhere in the room, but this, of course, she cannot suspect."

"If this be true—good heavens—how awful!"

"Yes. She sits down to meditate upon what she must do. She will have to tell her parents that she helped in Miss Denvers' elopement. She will have to tell the parents of Miss Denvers her part in the plot. The whole town must know that Miss Denvers slept in her bedroom until the elopement, that she—Alice—was, at midnight, in the empty house across the alley. She shudders at what must be faced. And in the meantime, where is Miss Denvers? With you, of course; but will you, in your drunken condition, try to compel her to marry you? Or will you conceal her somewhere?

"Edgar knocks on her door—he has come up to ask her why she is so late; they are waiting for her at the breakfast table. 'Oh, Edgar——' and she tells him everything, seeking comfort, asking advice. Edgar hears that the girl he loves is in the power of a drunken wretch—excuse me, Doctor. He is frantic. He asks for all particulars. She gives them. Up comes Mr. Delemere to know why they have not come down to breakfast—they tell him; all is rehearsed, plans are sought. Up comes Mrs. Delemere. The whole family confer there in Alice's bedroom, and in the meantime, unknown to them, the fuse is slowly, surely, fatally burning to the danger-point."

Smerll shuddered.

"Can't you see them all there?"

"Yes—but maybe they're not there, after all. This is pure guesswork."

"It's a pity you haven't a guesser that can turn out work as good," retorted Keeneyes in displeasure. "I think I have given you a reasonable hypothesis. Take it or leave it."

"But go on—what happened next, Mr. Detective? Why did they disappear?"

"How could they eat breakfast in view of the dreadful facts? How discuss them before the servants? 'But we can't stay here,' says one of them, 'for the servants will be up to know what's the matter.' Another says—I fancy I can hear him or her—'But we must decide on something, and it must be decided before everything else in the world.' Words to that effect. One suggests—why not Alice, herself?—that they slip to the empty house across the alley, where they are sure of not being interrupted, unless Dr. Smerll comes—and for Dr. Smerll to come, they are only too anxious. So they steal to that house to be able to talk undisturbed. Edgar climbs out on the tree to cast down the ladder; the others go down the back stairs—one of them has his watch, which is dropped in the excitement. They reach the deserted house without being discovered."

"But all this is the purest guesswork; and, Mr. Zellers, the fate of Miss Denvers must not rest upon guesswork. It cannot. What became of her? Why should she have been kidnaped? If the Delemeres suspecetd that I carried her off, you deprive me of a supposition to which all this time I have clung, namely, that they were responsible for her disappearance."

"Nonsense; they had nothing to do with it. She was abducted—no matter by whom. I know, but it is not for you to know just at present; you might commit some indiscretion. At any rate, she was carried off, and, as the Delemeres believe, by you. Let us go back to them in the deserted house, that convenient empty house where we so often find ourselves in this case. 'Quick, quick!' says one of the family, 'no time to be lost'—and upon my word, Doctor, no time was to be lost—'What shall we do? Hurry to the Denvers family and report the carrying off of Miss Denvers? Give them the awful shock of knowing that the daughter never went to Europe, never intended going?' So they talk, realizing how the fury of the family will be visited upon poor Alice's head. But they do not hold that council very long; only a few minutes, in fact. Then their house is blown up—boom, boom, boom! Horrors! what is this? They are without a home! The neighbors rush in hundreds to the spot; they hide in the deserted house till they find a chance to get out of town—that night, doubtless."

"But why do they hide? Why not come out and tell what they know?"

"They realize that it is you who must have blown up the house; and as it was you, you are right there in the neigh-

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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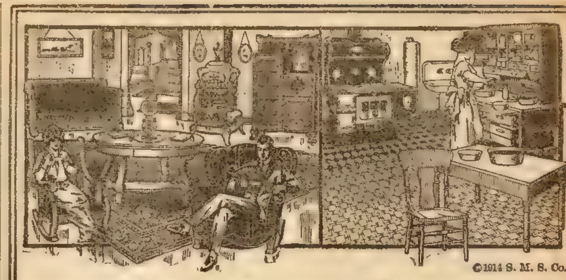

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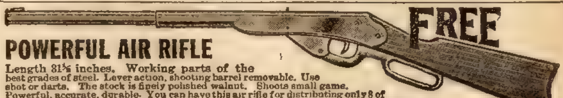

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### The One Thing Worse.

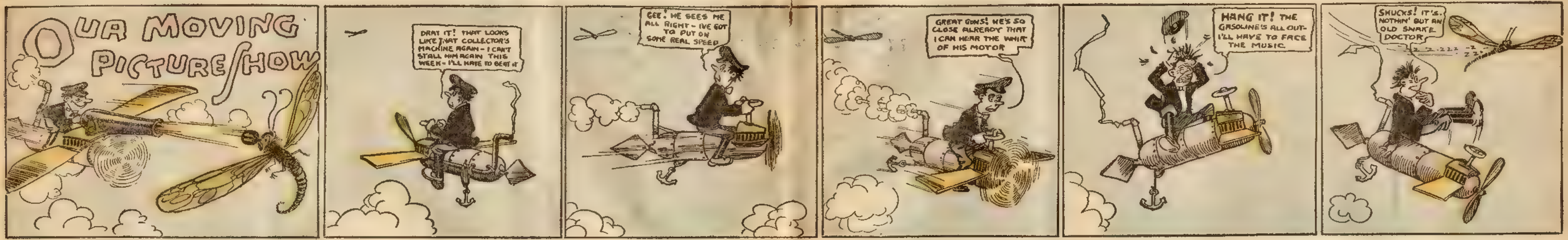
"What can be worse," he asked, "than taking a kiss without asking for it?"

"I don't know," said the girl, "unless it is asking for a kiss without taking it."

### A REFORM SCHOOL.

I wish that I could make a rule
That every Moth must go to school,
And learn from some experienced Mole
To make a less conspicuous hole.

# AEROPLANE IKE'S ADVENTURE


OUR MOVING PICTURE SHOW
DRAT IT! THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT COLLECTOR'S MACHINE AGAIN - I CAN'T STALL HIM AGAIN THIS WEEK - I'LL HAVE TO BEAT IT
GEE! HE SEES ME ALL RIGHT - IVE GOT TO PUT ON SOME REAL SPEED
GREAT GUNS! HE'S SO CLOSE ALREADY THAT I CAN HEAR THE WHIR OF HIS MOTOR
HANG IT! THE GASOLINE'S ALL OUT - I'LL HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC.
SHUCKS! IT'S NOTHIN' BUT AN OLD SNAKE DOCTOR
Z-Z-ZZZ -Z ZZ

### LITTLE WANTED.

Man wants little here below,
But when it comes to dress
A walk abroad will quickly show
That woman wants still less

### Lots of Experience.

Lawyer—"The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience?"

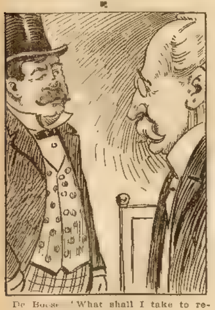
Client—'Six children."

### Fame and Otherwise.

"Every time I see grandfather's sword I want to go to war."

"Well?"

"But every time I notice grandfather's wooden leg I cool down."



De Bosse—'What shall I take to remove the redness from my nose, Doctor?"

Doctor—"Take nothing for six months, two dollars, please."

### Not Necessary.

"You can't fool all the people all the time," announced the investigator.

"I know it," replied the trust magnate. "There is plenty of profit in fooling half of them half the time."

### An Idealist.

Tommy—"Pop, what is an idealist?"

Tommy's Pop—"An idealist, my son, is a very young man who thinks all women are angels."

### Practical.

Mr. Blake entered his office rather wearily one morning and in response to a cheery greeting from his partner he grouchily replied:

"I certainly had a shock last night. A young fellow telegraphed me he had married my youngest daughter at Grant's Rock."

'Heavens!" returned his partner. "Well, the only thing you can hope for now is that he may turn out to be a practical business man——"

"Oh," interrupted the fond parent, "I guess he's practical enough. He sent his message 'collect.''

### The Wearying Chase.

Tommy could not understand why his teacher thought that the following paragraph from his composition on "A Hunting Adventure" lacked animation and effectiveness:

Pursued by the relentless hunter, the panting gazelle sprang from cliff to cliff At last she could go no farther. Before her yawned the chasm, and behind her the hunter.

### Financial.

It was at a theater in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud. "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?

Immediately came a voice from the gallery: "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?'

### Neglectful.

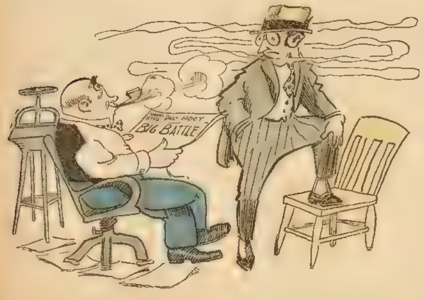
"I had to let the new maid go. I discovered that she was neglecting the children when I was attending my club meetings'

"That so?"

"Yes Positively, she couldn't think less of them if they were her own."

### Delaying Matters.

Captain of Local Fire Brigade (to zealous fireman)—"Here, I say, old chap, don't put the fire out too quickly. The mayor's coming along, and he'll be awfully disappointed if it's out before he gets here.'



Kumme—"Is your wife saving?

Backe—'Very—when she sees any loose tobacco under my writing table she sweeps it up carefully in a dustpan and puts it back in the tobacco jar!".

### A MAID THERE WAS.

A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare,
Of autumn trees she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.
When night its sable shadows threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not hide from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day,
So the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her hose

### Clinging Gowns.

The two women were discussing the fashions.

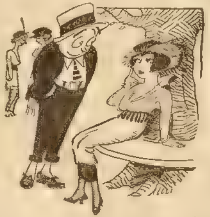
"Did you say that your husband was fond of those clinging gowns?"

"Yes, indeed; he likes one to cling to me for about five years."

### His Question.

Ocean Voyager—"Don't the passengers make you tired with the questions they ask?"

Captain—"Yes, indeed; what else is it you want to know?



Bill—"He asked Liz to marry him before he had known her ten minutes."

Nell—"Naturally! No man would who had known Liz twenty!"

### The Queer Sex.

'I always knew women were inconsistent, but I heard of one today that takes the cup-cake.'

'What did she do?'

"Chased her husband out of the house with a stove-lifter, and then cried because he left her without kissing her good-by."

### An Ominous Adage.

When a lady patient living far from town had to telephone for her physician, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance

Don't speak of it," said the doctor cheerfully; "I happen to have another patient in that vicinity and so can kill two birds with one stone '

### His Noble Aim.

The Young Man—"I understand your father speaks very highly of me."

The Young Lady—"Yes; but he only does that for fun."

The Young Man "Are you sure?"

The Young Lady—"Positive. He just does it to torment mother"

### Power of Wealth.

"Wombat's wife wants to go on the stage '

"Well, he's rich enough to build a theater for her."

"Yes, and to hire an audience."

### An Indian Mutiny.

"Mother, you know the way me an' Johnny Smith play I'm Indians an' he's soldiers?"

"Yes, dear; what of it?"

"Well, if I don't let him lick me every time we play, he says I aren't patriotic."

### Money and Talk.

"Money talks," quoth the sage.

"Yes, and it stops talk," added the fool.

### Short.

The Teacher—"Now, children, who can name twelve animals that are indigenous to the Arctic circle?"

Tommy—"A walrus, a reindeer, a polar bear and nine seals."

### Crude Calculation.

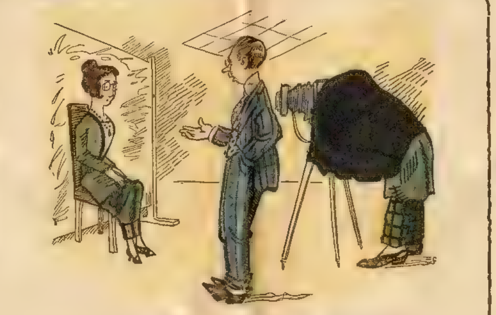
"You will admit that two and two make four."

Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But if you're dealing with millions you ought to make two and two produce a very much larger total than four."

### An Alarming Tale

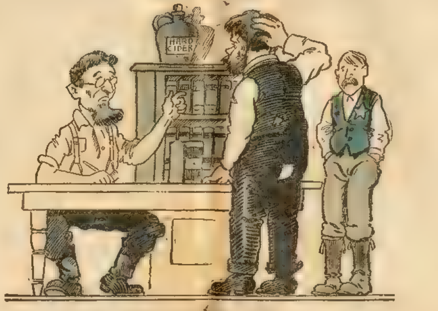
Mr. Staylate—"The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start."

Miss Muchbored—"I wish I knew it."



The Sitter—"Why does that man put that black cloth over his head?"

The Caller Out—"You see, it's like dis, lady. He gits your image on de focusin' screen upside down an' he's gotta cover his head to hide his embarrassment."



Country Justice—'I'll have to fine ye a dollar, Jeff'

Jeff—"I'll have to borry it of ye, Judge.

Country Justice—"Great snakes! It was only to git a dollar I was fining ye! Git out! Ye ain't guilty, anyway!"

### A BIG DEAL.

A hustling promoter named Coe
Was head of a big cocoa Co.
A native named Koko
Said, "Pay what you owe, Coe,
Or give me the Coe Cocoa Co."
He had other projects, had Coe—
Coke ovens were one line, and so
The two coalesced;
Imagine the rest:
"Coe Koko Coke and Cocoa Co."

### The Full Solemnity.

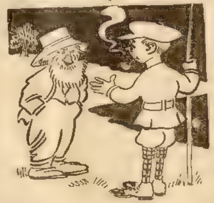
At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words, "love, honor and obey," the bridegroom interrupted and said.

'Read that again, sah! Read it once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'. I's been married befo'"

### A Distinct Gain.

"Was your husband's death a very severe loss to you, Mrs. Mulligan?"

"Loss, bless your heart? Why, it's been worth five thousand insurance to me, mem, and him alive wasn't worth thirty cents."



Old Nimrod—"You can't get a big bass unless you have a spoon."

City Person—"Oh, I always use a knife and fork"

### Taking No Chances.

Dinny was taking dinner with Hogan at a brilliant cafe. They weren't accustomed to eating at such a place, but they got along fairly well. When they had finished, the waiter said

'Shall I bring you a couple of demitasses?"

"Not on yer life," exclaimed Dinny "Our wives might come in an' see us sittin' wid them"

### Busy Days.

"Gent uptown telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house."

"Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours"

### Making It Right.

"Of course, you have made some promises you didn't keep"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I never yet broke a promise to a man without giving him a better one in its stead."

### Appearances.

"So you are a Chicago policewoman?'

"Yes."

"Plain clothes?'

"Well, they may be plainer than I am used to, but they are very becoming."

### An Entertainer.

Mistress (to prospective cook)—"Your virtues all seem of a negative quality Haven't you anything else to offer?"

The Candidate—"Well, yes, ma'am. I have. You see, I worked a year for them high-an'-mighty Van Dams, an' I know their silverware is plate, an' their cut glass isn't cut, an' their imported gowns is from Chicago, an' th' old man comes home at two in th' mornin', an' th' young Frenchman who is goin' to marry Clytie Van Dam—she's twenty-nine an' losin' her hair—is no more a baron than I am a queen. Aw, I know all about 'em."

The Mistress (highly interested)—"On second thought I'll engage you."

### Her Bright Idea.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"I read in today's paper that the elks in the State of Washington multiply very rapidly"

"What of it?"

"I wish you would find out if they are any good on fractions, and if they are, get me one to help with my home problems."

### Advances of Science.

Doctor—"What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed."

Patient—"Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

Doctor (with dignity) "Pooh pooh!" That was last January Science has made enormous strides since then."

### In the Same Boat.

Bing—"The way these colleges scatter around their degrees is absolutely nauseating. Every Tom, Dick and Harry with a little cheap notoriety can get one The whole system is absolutely indefensible Don't you think so"

Bang—"Yes, I didn't get one either"

### Not the Same.

Doctor—"You mustn't give up hope Some years ago I had exactly the same illness."

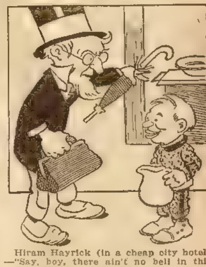
Patient (gloomily) 'Ah, but not the same doctor."

### Strange Neglect.

'There's one thing, though," said the stranger, "that I can't understand."

"What's that?" asked the old settler.

"Nobody around here has assured me that this is the garden spot of the State."



Hiram Hayrick (in a cheap city hotel) —"Say, boy, there ain't no bell in this here room '

Bellboy (tough)—"Aw, well, den, ring a towel."

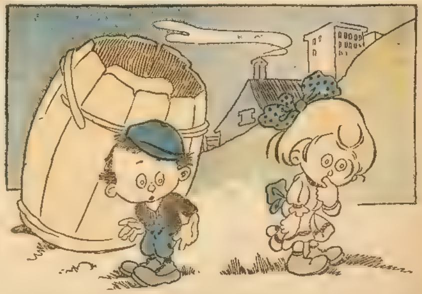
### WHUEUE

They had cut off a Chinaman's queue,
And were painting his head a bright
bluеue,
So the Chinaman said,
As they daubed at his head'
"When I sueue yueue, yueue'll reueu
what yueue dueue."

### An Ingenuous Daughter.

"What is it your husband wants to see me about, Della?" asked Mrs. Borrough's father

"Why, father," said Della, "I think he wanted to borrow a couple of hundred dollars from you. He's so anxious to get out of debt."



Little Johnny—"When Miss Nexor got married her mother threw an old slipper after her. What was that for?"

Little Ethel—"Oh, they always do that. That means that her mamma isn't never goin' to spank her any more"

# Detective Keeneyes' Craft.

(Continued from page eleven.)

borhood, hence could not have carried off Miss Denvers. Knowing your habits, as all who know you do, they know you are even now closed up in your apartments at the hotel, dead drunk. Therefore they conclude that Miss Denvers fled from the bedroom, in her anxiety to find if Alice Delemere had succeeded in putting you off; they conclude that Miss Denvers, coming to the deserted house, found that Alice was gone. Miss Denvers—so they imagine—then goes back, puts the ladder against the window, and hides. They conclude that she is hiding now, perhaps; has gone to the city—no——"

Suddenly the detective rose, his face flashing with a strange light. "Why, I understand the whole thing!" he exclaimed. "Why yes—dear me—upon my soul, how absurdly simple! Good evening, my friend, I must transact a little business of much importance, then there will be no more Delemere mystery. Mystery, indeed! Yet I must confess that for a few hours it rather stumped me. Good-by—excuse me for taking up so much of your time."

## CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN the detective left Dr. Smerll's house, he hurried to the little hotel near the railroad station, and was just in time to see a dark figure climbing from an upstairs window upon the roof of the lean-to addition and thence to the ground.

The fugitive carried a suitcase which somewhat interfered with his movements, so Keeneyes had no difficulty in reaching the sidewalk just as the other stepped upon it.

"Here I am again," said the detective, pleasantly. "You are leaving us, Mr. Delemere?"

The figure stopped irresolutely. "The detective, again!" he muttered, as if not knowing whether to flee or offer fight.

"Yes, once again—and the last time for you. Whither away? Let me fall into step for a few words; I assure you the words will be very few. Now, my dear Mr. Delemere, do not be deceived by your large knowledge of the world."

"What do you mean by that?" snapped the older man.

"I will tell you. Ordinarily when a man says that he has only a few words to say, unless he misleads you; it is especially true of public speakers. This you must know, from having long been on the earth. But do not therefore conclude when I say I have but a few words for you, that I mean to slip in a perfect regiment of phrases under that flag of truce."

"Mr. Zellers," cried the other, desperately, "what do you want of me? Why will you not let me alone? I should have fled the moment you turned your back, but I was so weary I decided to take a nap, believing you would show some consideration for a tortured fellow-being. What do you want?"

"Mr. Delemere, I want to put your mind at rest."

"Then for Heaven's sake, leave me!" And the other started up the road at an angry pace.

"And in a few words," persisted Keeneyes, keeping beside him.

"The fewer the better. Best of all, no words—pray leave me to myself."

"Yes, yes, in a moment. But first let me do you good."

Mr. Delemere placed the suitcase on the sidewalk and began drawing off his coat.

"Yes," said Keeneyes, "it is a warm night."

Mr. Delemere did not respond.

Keeneyes said, "Miss Denvers is in Europe."

Mr. Delemere, who now had his coat off, held it as if his arm had suddenly been petrified.

"Her father and mother will get a letter from her in a few days."

Mr. Delemere dropped the coat. "What!"

"Therefore your hiding about Meadowville and your unexpert prowlings will not, as you have imagined, discover her in hiding in this neighborhood, nor will watching Dr. Smerll be the slightest help to you, as he knows even less about it than you, since I have now told you what I have not told him, namely, that Miss Denvers is now in Europe. Good day."

"But no—wait! Merciful heavens! How do you know this?"

"I have spoken, sir, that you may set your wife's mind at rest. Good day." The detective set off briskly, followed by the amazed merchant.

"But wait, wait, explain—tell me——"

"When Keeneyes says 'Few words,' you can expect a very meager diet," retorted the detective, quickening his pace. "Those few words I almost had to hold you to administer. You didn't want any; I made you take one dose that I knew you needed. It will do you good. Set your fears at rest. Miss Denvers is safe and sound and enjoying herself. Good day."

## CHAPTER XLII.

FINDING that Mr. Delemere was determined to extort from him a full history of what he knew, Keeneyes ran nimbly down one alley, up another, doubled on his track, and, having eluded pursuit, made his way to Jensen's cottage. It was about midnight, but the miller and Howard Whittleby were up and waiting for him.

Their first greeting was to know if he had seen Dr. Smerll. The detective in a casual manner said, "Oh, yes, I have had a long talk with the gentleman."

"Peaceable?"

"Not precisely so at first, but I soon tamed him."

"You didn't mention, I suppose," hazarded Howard, "anything about his drink habits?"

"Oh, yes, we discussed them to the very lees in the bottom of the glass."

Jensen inquired, "Was Miss Denvers referred to?"

"Referred to? We discussed her at length. And now, my dear friends, I am going home in the morning as there is nothing else here for me to do——"

"Nothing to do!" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Nothing to do. Absolutely nothing to do. Will you pay me for my services now, or later?"

Howard stared at him with an ironical smile. "Oh, later—much later," he said.

"Very good, I'm in no hurry."

"But, Mr. Keeneyes, why are you going off like this, leaving everything tangled up? What little you have picked up has made a bigger mess of the case than it was before. You might as well never have come."

"I assure you there is nothing more to do. I know everything essential to be known. So I shall leave you in the morning."

"Even if you really know everything, what good does that do us? We employed you to solve the mystery——"

"And I have solved it; therefore I should be paid now. But since you would rather keep your money out at interest——"

"You were not employed to amuse yourself, but to instruct us."

"What you say, or rather what you want to say and fail to say from your assortment of inadequate words—is just. And naturally I expect to share with you all I know, or at least all that is for your good. It was my thought simply to go away; in a few days the mystery will solve itself. I thought it would be a unique thing—at least, it would be unique in my experience—and my experience is varied—simply to go away and let the mystery solve itself. It seems a pity to reject such a novelty. However, as you please."

"We please to be told what you know by word of mouth."

"Very good."

"But I should like to know," remarked the miller, "in what way you imagined the mystery would solve itself."

"Imagined!"

"I mean—well, as you said, my word-assortment is limited. But how could the mystery solve itself?"

"You have referred to imagination. Very well, we will use that word, since, as you offer it yourself, it is a word you understand. Imagine, then, that in a few days, or a in a week or so, a letter comes addressed to Mr. or Mrs. Denvers—it matters not which—that this letter bears a foreign postmark, foreign stamps, that it comes from Gibraltar, or Naples, or from some city beyond the sea—I care not what city—and that envelope contains a letter. And imagine that this letter is written and signed by Miss Denvers."

"If such a letter comes——"

"Wait, don't interrupt; your part now is to imagine. Very good. Now, imagine that this letter tells the parents that Miss Denvers, on reaching New York, on account of some delay, whether on the train or at her hotel—no matter where or how—that she, I say, got to New York an hour or so, or even a day, after her steamer and her tourist party had left the dock. Then imagine that Miss Denvers proceeds in the following style:

"'My darling mother'—or, 'My respected father'—as the case may be—'when I found that my ship was gone I was thrown into such terror, alarm, consternation, fright'—not knowing the young lady, how can I be sure which word she would use?—'that I knew if I wrote you of my difficulty, you would be as alarmed as myself. So, without letting you know my situation, I set the hotel force to work for me, and having come into communication with the shipping department, I managed at last to get my passage, which I had forfeited, practically redeemed and transferred to another vessel.'"

"But, Mr. Zellers, all this is an impossibility. You have assured us——"

"I am simply telling you what Miss Denvers is writing home; I do not vouch for Miss Denvers' statements. Well, as I say, this letter from Miss Denvers, actually from Europe, will arrive in a few days. It comes somewhat later than her parents had expected, but so far they are not uneasy about her, and when it comes, all will be serene."

"Maybe so. But what has all this to do with the Delemere mystery?"

"My dear Howard, it is the Delemere mystery."

"What is?"

Keeneyes rose as if to go away in despair, but reseated himself and forced himself to speak with restrained gentleness. "My dear friends, the Delemere family has all this time been in hiding because they knew that Miss Denvers was kidnaped from their house, largely through the connivance of Alice Delemere; and believing her hiding hereabouts as the wife of Dr. Smerll, they were resolved to find her and restore her to her parents before accepting the blame they deserve, or rather, that Alice deserves. In the search, Edgar discovered the basement room in which she had actually been imprisoned by your orders, Howard, and there found the note saying that you had been the kidnaper, that note containing the word 'Glenover.' They know from this much of the truth, but do not know what Howard did with Miss Denvers when he discovered that he had made a mistake, and that he had carried off the undesired Miss Denvers. The Delemeres therefore prowl about the country, keeping a watch upon Dr. Smerll and Howard, visiting the 'Glenover' office in hopes of clews, growing more and more desperate over the mystery. Edgar, in particular, as being in love with Miss Denvers, is well-nigh frantic, or so we are permitted to imagine. Now, when the letter comes, proving Miss Denvers safe in Europe, can't you understand the relief of the entire family?"

"If you are right in your supposition, I can. But how can you explain the disappearance of Miss Denvers, since, as a matter of fact, we know that she did not go to Europe, that she was abducted, that she was safely shut up in the basement, as I have described to you minutely?"

"Let me retort by asking you, whatever became of your ally, Scraggs?"

"That I do not know."

"It's very simple. He couldn't throw off the knowledge that abduction is a capital offense. Of course, he went to the secret house and liberated Miss Denvers, then fled to escape your brother's anger. And Miss Denvers, who no longer had a taste for Dr. Smerll, concluded that the best thing for her to do was to get to New York and sail as she had planned. To be sure, she was delayed there a short time, but that did not interfere with her plan."

"She should at least have got word to Alice before leaving."

"She could not write to Alice without her letter standing a chance of being discovered. As to Abe Deadening, I understand how a few words from Dr. Smerll could restore his wits—or his terror of imprisonment."

"But the two strange men we saw in the mill, with dark-lanterns?"

"Pooh! Mere tramps, perhaps, or rather, expert burglars, since we heard a buggy dashing away which must have belonged to their party."

"And the blowing up of the Delemere house?"

"That," said Keeneyes, with a far-away look, "may never be told."

"And when Miss Denvers' parents learn of her intended elopement?"

"Trust the Delemeres never to tell that—they are hiding from that truth right now."

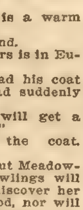
"But if all this is as you say, what is to be done?"

"Absolutely nothing. This is the only mystery of my knowledge that will solve itself automatically. When Miss Denvers' letter arrives, the Delemeres, finding her safe in Europe, will emerge from hiding, giving, no doubt, as their reason for concealment, that they have been hoping to discover who dynamited their house; as to their mysterious disappearance from their breakfast table, they will no doubt patch up some absurd explanation; and because it will be a flimsy, absurd explanation, the town will accept it as a natural statement of fact. At first, you, Howard, will be very coldly treated for carrying off Miss Denvers, but they will not dare give the reason of their coldness, and in due time, the knowledge that you thought Miss Denvers was Alice will doubtless soften the parental heart—and I see you now stepping up to the altar."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And the fact that Edgar Dele-

Any Spare Time?



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mere has gone through such sufferings in his efforts to find Miss Denvers will doubtless cause her to overlook the difference in their ages, and accept his youthful hand. Nobody will ever know that Miss Denvers intended to elope, or that you intended to kidnap Alice, or who blew up the Delemere house."

When the letter, as Keeneyes had predicted, came from Miss Denvers to her parents, Howard Whittleby sent the full amount for his services in a check to the detective. When the double wedding of Howard Whittleby and Alice Delemere, and Edgar Delemere and Miss Denvers took place, Howard received back his check as a wedding present.

The End.

* * *

### A Regular Customer.

The Magistrate—"As this is your seventeenth appearance this year, you will be fined $5 and costs."

The Habitual "Drunk"—"Couldn't ye allow me a little discount this time, sorr, seein' as I'm a reg'lar customer?"

## To Look Pretty.

"Well, if you must know how I got those bruises," said Buskirk to his friends, "I will tell you. They were caused neither by a hotel fire nor a railroad wreck, not even by an automobile accident. They came from using a wash rag.

"My wife insists that scrubbing the face with a wash rag is the only way to get it clean, and that if I have never scoured with a sandpaper cloth I have never been clean.

"I tried the wash cloth she handed me. I will never be clean again as long as I live. If I can't get my face clean by putting soap on it and then slopping it off with water by hand, then I'm going to have a dirty face for the rest of my life.

"I followed my wife's directions. I put on slathers of soap and rubbed it hard with that cloth. It felt good at first, but after I had rinsed it off and applied the towel I saw what I had accomplished. I had taken most of the epidermis off."

"That was too bad," said Umberg. "But how do you suppose the women manage it, anyway? Not only women, but little girls? My little girl is only 8, and she takes a rag and you ought to see the rubbing she gives herself. She slams that thing around her face as though it were nothing. I stand around and tremble, watching her. Watching the feat has the same wild unexplainable fascination as watching a snake charmer wind a snake around her neck.

"When she has finished I reach for the arnica bottle. But there is never a mark on her. She looks pink and pretty.

"Now, my son can't do that. He's 14. I tried to get him to go up against the wash rag, and you ought to have seen him wince! He told me afterward that his mother had scrubbed him with it a time or two and that his face was sore from it yet. I was awfully anxious to see him manipulate that rag. He plays football and all that. But he was off the premises in a hurry."

"Women and men are different when it comes to making themselves pretty," said Buskirk. "Women will endure anything with that object in view. My wife will take an hour's massage on top of a steaming and scrubbing with a cloth!"

"Men are much like them along their own particular lines, though. It is marvelous the discomfort my boy undergoes learning to smoke. He will not throw a cigar away until he comes to the end of it, although he is pale in the gills and I can see that every puff goes through him as if he were coming down in an elevator at top speed. He stands all that without a single word. Neither my wife nor my daughter would."

"Smoking discolors the teeth," remarked Buskirk.

* * *

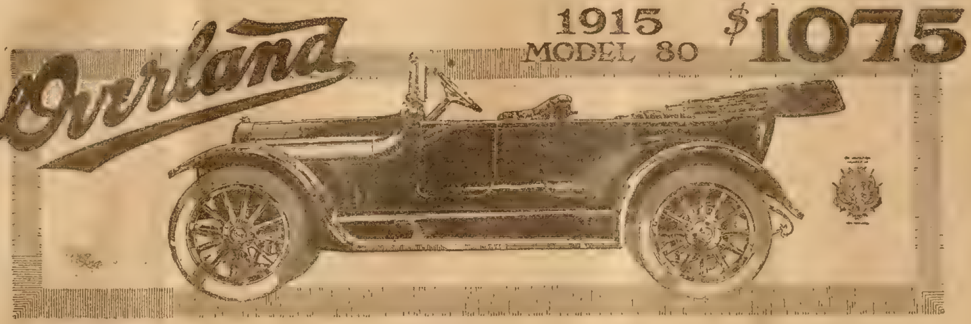
### Her Qualifications.

Mrs. Bagrox—"Tell me, Professor, will my daughter ever become a great pianist?"

Herr Vogleschnitzle—"I gannot dell."

Mrs. Bagrox—"But has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician?"

Herr Vogleschnitzle—"Ach! Yah, matam; she has two handts!"



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The electrical equipment is the finest and most reliable we could get.

The rear springs are new—for the 1915 springs are not only improved but are longer and underslung which makes the Overland one of the easiest riding cars in the world.

The luxurious new, softer and deeper cushioned upholstery insures solid comfort at all times.

The tonneau, this year, has all kinds of room being considerably longer and wider.

There is left hand drive and center control.

Larger tires (34 inch x 4 inch all around) and the long wheel base of 114 inches mean smooth, jarless riding.

*A Few of the 1915 Model 80 Features*

Motor 35 h. p.
New full stream-line body
Instrument board in cowl dash
Individual front seats, high backs
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain vision, ventilating type, built in
Crowned fenders
Electric starter
Electric lights
High tension magneto
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Rear springs, extra long, underslung, 3-4 elliptic
Wheel base, 114 inches
Larger tires, 34 inch x 4 inch
Demountable rims—one extra
Left-hand drive
Center control
Body: beautiful new Brewster green finish
Complete equipment

The big, snappy and powerful 35 h. p. Overland motor is regarded and referred to as the world's most highly developed four cylinder power plant.

Demountable rims (with one extra) are another expensive addition.

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COPIES WEEKLY.

## GENTLE JABS

A joy ride often ends with a blowout.

It's easy to find men —in a dictionary.

It's a poor mule that has no kick coming.

One boy in school beats a dozen in a poolroom.

The man whose credit is good [illegible]

It's up to the man who would live long to live slowly.

And most of our lunatic asylums are filled with knockers.

Lots of things and men seem easy until one tries to do them.

If you have a skeleton in your closet, that's the place for it.

Some women [illegible] flatter after the undertaker is summoned.

It pays to be honest, but sometimes pay day is late in showing up.

Even the changeable woman never seems to have sufficient change.

Many a man's success is due to his not making the same mistake twice.

Perhaps women talk more than men, but they don't always say the most.

The hardest task many a man has is trying to keep his dead past buried.

To keep cool when you find yourself between two fires—that requires nerve.

Schoolboys say there are too many switches along the road to knowledge.

Gentlemen are necessarily conceited, because a gentleman never forgets himself.

There is value in great strength of mind, and [illegible] in strength of [illegible]

It has been said that faint heart ne'er won fair lady—but what's the matter with brunettes?

A bartender informs us that none are so blind as those who refuse an eye opener. But he is prejudiced.

It's an easy matter to acquire a flow of language, Alonzo. All you have to do is step on a tack with your bare foot.

When you hear a married man say that he hasn't made up his mind about a thing, his wife hasn't handed him his cue.

The Gatling gun was invented by a physician—not necessarily because he despaired of depopulating the world with sugar pills, either.

Even the chap who is not ambitious to become a millionaire would like to be rich enough to tell the boss just what he thinks of him.

# Sold at Auction

## Or, One Woman's Fate

### By Annie Brownlee Quimby

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Begun in No. 34, August 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

ABOUT two weeks after Max and Dorothy had met so inopportunely in the quiet old forest, a letter came from Sir Richard in which a way was offered for Dorothy to follow up her new resolves.

Sir Richard's letter was cold and curt; but he expressed the hope that Dorothy was weary of moping and ready to take her place in the social world again.

She read the letter through very thoughtfully, very sadly, it seemed to Lady Althea, who was watching her keenly. Then she laid it before her friend.

"You see, dear, the way has been pointed out already. Your husband desires you with him. You will go, of course?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, I will go."

A week later Dorothy started for Paris to join Sir Richard.

Lady Althea had returned to London. She felt that she had been neglecting her proteges of late; but then, Dorothy needed her so much, and the meeting between husband and wife had better be alone.

Sir Richard met her at the station, where a carriage was waiting to convey them to the hotel.

"How ill you are looking, Dorothy," he said. "So pale and thin; scarcely the shadow of your former self. Moping is not good for you. You must try life in gay Paris for a change."

"I have not been well of late, but I trust the change will do me good," she replied; and in the cool, sweet twilight of a summer evening they reached their hotel.

Dorothy forced herself to talk, laugh, and assume a happy light-heartedness that she was far from feeling. But with her new resolve firm and close to her heart, and with Lady Althea's words still ringing in her ears, she refused to listen to the feeling of discontent that stole over her.

It seemed strange, and in a sense painful, to go back to the gayety and brilliance of social life, after the quiet restfulness of the quaint, picturesque old Grange. She was annoyed with herself for her utter lack of sympathy with her surroundings. It was a relief when she found herself alone in her room.

Her dinner gown was a delightful creation of cream silk and rare old lace. When she descended she looked more like the Dorothy of old than she had done for many months. Her cheeks were flushed, the softest, daintiest hue, and her eyes shone like twin stars. Her soft, snowy robes made her beauty more youthful, more pathetic. The first person to greet her was Lady Betty, as handsome, if more portly, than when she last saw her. Dorothy's greetings toward her were neither conspicuous for cordiality, nor the reverse. She greeted her exactly as you would one of the thousands you meet today and forget tomorrow.

When dinner was over Sir Richard took Dorothy and Lady Betty out into the grounds. The band struck up a lively air, the salons were p[illegible]. Many-colored, brilliant lights sparkled amid the trees, and fell on fair, lovely faces and exquisite gowns. They mingled with the happy throng. A fountain was throwing a shower of silver spray, and just ahead of them a marble statue gleamed through the leaves. They could see a man's form leaning against it, a cigar between his lips. He was talking and laughing with some one by his side. They drew nearer; the man threw his cigar aside with a careless laugh that caused Dorothy to start and grow pale. She would have known that voice, that laugh, anywhere. It was Max Eager, the man to whom she had thought she had bidden an eternal farewell. Sir Richard and Lady Betty noticed the start and the pallor, and exchanged significant glances.

Dorothy could never quite remember how she managed to greet her girlhood's lover, or what words were spoken. When she had recovered composure enough to notice her surroundings, Max was walking by her side, Sir Richard and Lady Betty having gone on ahead together. She cast a look of mute reproach at his face.

"Don't look like that, Dorothy. On my honor, I didn't know you were coming here, else I should have moved on. You believe that, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered wearily, "but now that I am here, you will not remain?" And she looked anxiously into the dark, troubled face.

"I will leave at once. When you rise in the morning I shall be many miles from here," he replied. "It's strange Sir Richard never mentioned you were coming."

"No doubt he forgot. Have you been here long?"

"I came straight here from—from our last meeting," he answered, glancing into the pale face by his side. "Fate seems to have a special grudge against you and me, Dorothy. When we parted last we little thought to meet again so soon."

Dorothy did not answer. She dared not trust her voice to reply, and in silence they joined the others. She excused herself on the plea of fatigue, and retired early.

As she sank wearily into a chair in her room, a sort of dread came over her. She wondered with a troubled, aching heart, if those meetings would never cease—if the world was too small to part them effectually.

"I thought I had drunk the very dregs of my cup of bitterness, but I find I have not. Fate has not willed it that I drink it all at once, but in sips," she mourned to herself.

The following morning, at a late breakfast, Sir Richard remarked casually that Max Eager's departure from Paris was hasty.

"How very strange!" cried Lady Betty. "He told me only yesterday that he intended remaining for several weeks."

Dorothy did not join in the conversation, but her heart was aching with a dull, ceaseless pain. She knew only too well why Max had left Paris; and she had a vague sort of feeling that the others knew, too. In her heart she was thankful to him for having saved her the pain, the humiliation of meeting him constantly, with the thought of the parting in the old forest still fresh in her mind.

Life in gay Paris was one ceaseless whirl of pleasure and excitement. To Dorothy, after the solitude of the Grange, this life seemed strange and unnatural. The mad rush from one place of amusement to another seemed such utter folly, such a waste of energy and time.

One day Dorothy, Sir Richard, and Lady Betty were strolling through the hotel grounds, when they met "Uncle Archie's wife," who had just arrived in company with some American friends.

Dorothy was delighted to see her friend again, as was plainly evidenced by her cordial welcome. Lady Betty was cold and haughty, and perhaps just a little afraid of the American's sharp tongue. Sir Richard was indifferent. The American party moved on, and the others resumed their walk.

"How very annoying," Lady Betty cried, with a pretty pout. "Why could they not have chosen some other place?"

Sir Richard laughed. Lady Betty's likes and dislikes amused him immensely.

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"What is so very annoying?" Dorothy asked, looking at the clouded face of the other.

"Why, those Americans, of course. One meets them everywhere. It seems to me there is no place on earth quite free from them," she answered petulantly.

"Do you mean 'Uncle Archie's wife?'—or Mrs. Douglas, I should say."

"Of course; I am so sick of them. And I have tried so hard to avoid them."

"I don't quite understand you," Dorothy said, a trifle coldly. "Mrs. Douglas is a true woman, worth her weight in gold; and that is more than can be said of the majority of women nowadays." There was a resentful, angry gleam in her eyes.

Dorothy was thinking of the darkest day in her life; the day when she and Lady Althea stood and looked upon the face of her little dying child; the day when husband and father had thought it unnecessary to come to her, when even the servants had fled. Then Mrs. Douglas, out of the kindness of her heart, had hastened to her side, to sympathize and relieve. And this was the woman whom Lady Betty was sick of, whom she had been trying so hard to avoid. No wonder a resentful gleam shone in her eyes, and her lips curled with scorn.

"I have no doubt Mrs. Douglas possesses many admirable traits of character," Lady Betty went on, "but so does one's butcher's wife, or so do our maids, for that matter, but that is no reason why we should receive them as equals."

"You are not compelled to associate with Mrs. Douglas, I am sure. I had no idea you had become so very exclusive," Dorothy remarked, with quiet sarcasm.

"That's where you err, my dear. I am compelled to associate with her. They are so abominably rich, and they give such magnificent dinners, and entertain so lavishly. It is not wise, you know, to quarrel with money. It is a dreadful bore, and she is so peculiar, so vulgar."

"That should be a recommendation nowadays, I fancy," Dorothy observed coldly. "It seems quite the proper thing to be vulgar."

"Exactly; but there is a distinction. A woman of high birth and established position may do pretty much as she likes. It is these Americans, these new-made millionaires, with their fabulous wealth, made out of every conceivable horror, that are so odious and yet so formidable a power."

"It seems to me that if people are good enough for us to attend their dinners and receptions, it would naturally follow that they were good enough for us to associate with elsewhere."

"Do you receive Mrs. Douglas as an equal, then?"

"Certainly. She is one of the few women I am proud to call my friend. She comes to my house, and I go to hers. She is not what we would call refined, or cultured, perhaps, in the usual sense of the term, but I should never think of wounding her feelings because of that. A lady can have no claim to the title who will smile on those whom society counts her inferiors one minute, and insults them the next. The accident of birth doesn't make ladies and gentlemen out of men and women; there must be something else."

"You were always so odd," Lady Betty observed, with considerable acidity. "I often wonder how Sir Richard and you came to marry. Your ideas of life are so different."

"I don't know what my husband's ideas are on the subject." Dorothy came very nearly saying, "I don't care," but restrained the rash words just in time. "But for my part, I like to be consistent."

"Oh, I suppose the American is very charming to those who can appreciate her good qualities. I confess I never could."

"It is scarcely to be expected you would," Dorothy answered dryly.

The Lady Betty felt uncomfortable. Had she not long ago lost the power to blush, she would certainly have done so now, as she met the frank, half-accusing glance of the other.

## CHAPTER XIX.

DOROTHY had been a month in Paris—time enough to tire of it all. She was forced to see things as they really were. Lady Betty and Sir Richard were on quite too intimate terms to be longer considered respectable. She had been compelled to listen to sneers and sarcastic remarks until her heart had grown cold and sick.

She had come here full of such good resolves, determined, if it lay in human power, to heal the breach between her husband and herself. But he was indifferent to all her charms, to all her delicate consideration for his comfort and well-being. Of late he had positively avoided her, and was more and more frequently found with Lady Betty. She had tried so hard to interest herself in the things that used to please him, but the effort had been in vain.

Lady Betty was always charming, but to Dorothy there seemed to be a covert meaning in every word she uttered. Every soft, silvery sentence had a poisoned arrow hidden somewhere.

Dorothy was shortly to know that her worst suspicions were well founded. She was soon to learn that while Lady Betty was smiling so bewitchingly upon her, her highest ambition was to ruin her life and wreck her happiness, to steal from her the man who had promised to cherish and protect her.

Dorothy was having a quiet hour by herself in the hotel parlor. The guests were all out, bent on their different amusements. She was sitting in a little alcove at the far end of the parlor, partly screened by heavy silk portieres, lazily toying with a piece of embroidery, when a familiar voice fell upon her ear.

"I tell you, Dick, Dorothy is too clever to fall into any of your traps. You don't forget, I hope, how very cleverly she frustrated your plans in bringing her and Max Eager together here in Paris? You will meet with the same success in your present scheme. She is too clever to be caught," Lady Betty was saying in confidential tones.

"But I will not fail this time. And you will be patient, won't you, Betty? A desperate man can accomplish a great deal, and I am that. I must and will be free! Heavens! Its maddening to be tied so effectually to a milk-and-water creature like Dorothy. What a simpleton I was to imagine myself in love with her!"

"But you were, you know," Lady Betty answered with something like a sneer.

Dorothy listened with a sort of horrible fascination. It seemed to her as though the ice was closing in about her heart, holding her in a cold, frozen grip. Like a lightning flash the terrible truth burst upon her. Her husband and Lady Betty were aware of Max's mad love for herself, and had actually plotted to bring them together in Paris. For what purpose?

The pitfall set for her feet now clearly confronted her. She could understand many things that before seemed strange and mysterious. But that her husband could have stooped so low as to deliberately plan her dishonor, that he might gain his freedom, seemed to her too terrible to be true.

She rose from her seat, trembling in every limb, but with firm determination written upon every lineament of her pale, haggard face. Pushing the draperies slowly aside, she confronted the plotters against her honor and happiness.

"Dorothy!" the husband cried sharply, while Lady Betty turned deadly pale.

"Yes, it is I," she answered calmly. "You hardly expected to find me here, I should judge by the conversation that has just past. In future I would advise you to be more careful where you discuss your plots and schemes. If you will come to my room in half an hour I will have something to say to you." She looked at her faithless husband, and without so much as a glance at the guilty woman left the room.

In the solitude of her own room she sank wearily on a couch.

"Oh, Max," she sobbed, "thank God you were brave enough, and strong enough, to leave me! They may sneer at our love and plot against it, but as sure as the angels are in Heaven, they shall never shame or dishonor it!"

Fear, shame, disgust swept over her by turns. She saw the whole plot and her own helplessness to resent it. Should her husband accuse her of loving Max, she would not deny it. But to explain to a mind so coarse, so utterly lacking in the finer qualities of nature, the struggle against love that she had undergone would only bring down upon her head scorn, ridicule, and unbelief. A sudden loathing of herself—of the world—came upon her. It seemed to her scarcely possible that human beings could sink so low, could plot anything so vile. And then bitter thoughts crowded into her mind. Of what use to try to do right, to struggle for duty and honor, as she has done?"

Amid her sorrow and conflicting emotions, there was one grain of comfort. That was that Max had been so brave and true, that he had kept his word and left her, never for one moment paltering with temptation.

"Oh, dear Lord!" she cried in her sorrow and despair. "What will be the end? Will my strength last for my life?

She had never felt quite so helpless, so desperate, so alone, as now. Thought would not come clearly, yet she knew she must act. She could not remain under the same roof with the woman whose relations with her own husband she could no longer doubt.

A step came along the corridor and paused at her door, then Sir Richard entered.

"Well, Dorothy," he began, lightly, "I suppose you have been making a mountain out of a molehill?"

"I have been thinking very seriously, if that is what you mean. But perhaps you would like to reverse it, and make a molehill out of a mountain?" she asked calmly, too calmly for one who had received such a terrible blow.

"Oh, come now, you may as well be reasonable. We are not the first couple to whom marriage bonds have grown irksome, who have found out, when too late, what fools they have been." He paused a moment and looked at her uneasily. The white, haggard face had grown whiter and more haggard while he was speaking.

"Go on," she said quietly. "I am listening."

"Well, then, I am sorry you heard what you did today. I have known for some time that you and Max Eager are more to each other than merely old friends. I thought by bringing you together here things might come about in a natural sort of way. I thought that, caring for each other as you do, he might induce you to—well, jump the traces, as the saying goes." Here he paused and actually smiled at her.

All the blood seemed to rush from Dorothy's heart to her face at this cruel insult.

"You imagined him as low, as base, as despicable as yourself!" she cried indignantly. "In that you were mistaken. He possesses the nobility of soul which you lack, Sir Richard. He has more consideration, more respect for me than you—my husband. His love would cause him to shield me from temptation."

For a moment his eyes dropped before that clear gaze, but only for a moment.

"You don't deny, then, that Max Eager loves you, and that you love him?" he asked eagerly.

"No, I will not deny the truth," Dorothy answered, keeping her voice calm, and filled with cold scorn. "We have loved each other from the time we played together as little children. But his love is worthy of the name, not a base, degrading passion, steeped in evil desires, in unholy thoughts, but an emotion, pure and Godlike, that prompts him to shield me from temptation. Max is not the type of man to plan a wife's dishonor and shame."

"A nice thing to hear your wife speak of another man's love for her!" sneered Sir Richard.

"Yes, it's something about the same as hearing one's husband speaking of his love for another woman," she answered ironically. "But had you stayed away with your wealth, your title, and your pretended love, we should both have been spared much misery. I never sought to deceive you. You were aware I cared nothing for you, yet you would have me for your wife."

"What the d——l did you marry me for, then? I couldn't compel you to, you know," he asked almost savagely.

"That question is unnecessary. You know how I came to marry you. I was too weak to withstand your persuasions and my mother's tears and entreaties that I should become your wife. But unless you are lost to all sense of honor and manhood, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I did not seek to win you. I did not seek to deceive you into the belief that I loved you. But you were imperious and willful, and would stop at nothing short of possession; my mother was grasping and worldly; and Max was thousands of miles away, and in a moment of weakness I promised to be your wife."

"A very pretty story you tell, my lady, but where does my share of the misery come in? Do you imagine married life has been a heaven of bliss to me all these years?" he asked angrily.

"No, I do not. But if you have been miserable, you are only reaping a just reward. You should not—in a manner—have forced me to be your wife. God knows I have been punished severely for my weakness, but not more than I have deserved," she concluded wearily.

"Why don't you cut the whole thing then, and be happy if you can? I should not object, I assure you."

Dorothy grew even paler than before, and there was an angry glint in her eyes.

"I leave that part of it to you and Lady Betty. I have no doubt you will manage it somehow," she answered, coldly.

"You are right; we will manage it somehow," he sneered.

He was angry that his baseness and wrong-doing had been discovered, angry that Dorothy had stood so firm against

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temptation. Other women had fallen under similar circumstances. Why not she?

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## CHAPTER XX.

"I TELL you what it is, Dorothy, you and I have got to come to some understanding. We cannot go on like this forever. I am going to make you a proposition, and if you have the sense I give you credit for, you will see it is the only thing for you and me." He paused and looked at her unsteadily, as though hesitating to speak further.

"Go on, I am listening," she said steadily.

"Well, then, I want you to get a divorce. I'll admit you have sufficient grounds; and I will allow you a princely annuity. In fact, I'll grant you any reasonable request; only I must and will have freedom. I presume from what you have just said, you feel something the same."

"I was not entirely unprepared for such a request. In fact, after what I have learned today, I have been half expecting it. You say you must and will have freedom. Of course, if you are determined to break the laws of God and man, I suppose I am powerless to prevent you, but I shall not lift a finger to obtain a divorce," was the emphatic reply. "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

There was a moment's terrible silence, then Sir Richard confronted her with a face of sullen rage.

"What the devil do you mean?" he said hoarsely. "Would you have us drag out our lives like this? My God! woman, you will drive me mad! You say you love Max Eager, but you lie. If you loved him, you would not hesitate one instant to avail yourself of the freedom I offer you."

"You have my answer," was the unwavering reply. "I don't believe in marrying one day and seeking freedom the next. To me, marriage is a solemn, eternal thing, and death alone can sever the bonds which unite us."

"Have a care, Dorothy! Men have been driven to desperate measures before," he said darkly, threateningly.

"I shall not change my mind," she replied. "Entreaties or threats will be of no avail. I will abide by my past folly; you must do the same."

For several moments Sir Richard walked the floor in angry silence.

"If you won't be reasonable, then I shall have to banish you from society, and see what effect that will have. You will prepare to return to the Grange at once, and remain there till you have reached a reasonable frame of mind. Others of high social standing have found the divorce court useful in freeing them from unfortunate marriages. Why not we?" he asked angrily.

"I must thank you for allowing me to go to the Grange. My banishment there will be a pleasant one," she replied, with a wan smile. "There the greatest happiness of my life came to me, and there it was taken away. The place is full of tender associations, and I love it dearly."

For a moment conscience smote him. He knew she was thinking of her little dead child. Then the old fierce anger returned.

"You are mad enough, then, to prefer that dismal old place to a life of freedom and pleasure. But you were always peculiar."

The white, sad face twitched, but she was otherwise calm.

"Freedom, as you mean it, I never expect to have. If you are so anxious for a separation you must get it yourself."

"Had I the shadow of a chance of obtaining it, I should not hesitate. But I have not, and you know it. Not that you are more virtuous than others whom you condemn, but you are more clever in concealing it."

"I lay no claim to superiority; but I do to virtue," she replied. "We live in an age when marriage is easy and divorce is cheap, but think of the eternity that must follow. Pause a moment, Richard, and think. We erred grievously when we stood before the altar of God, and plighted our lives to each other. Our vows that day were recorded in the book of Heaven, and all man's laws are powerless to efface them. I cannot, I dare not do as you ask! If you insist on living apart, I will agree to a legal separation, but not to absolute divorce, with the privilege of marrying again."

He had been watching her intently, while speaking, and her appeal, her calmness, and her steadfast faith only served to add fuel to his wrath against her.

"You, a faithless wife, would presume to set your views against the laws of our country, the judgment of our government. You are mad, woman! Hopelessly mad!" he sneered.

His cruel words stung her sensitive heart, and for a moment her lips quivered piteously.

"Mad I may be, but I shall stick to my madness. I shall consent to separation only. After what has occurred today I believe that necessary. Did I accede to your request, I should judge myself as guilty as you," she said, with a certain dignity that enhanced her youth and beauty tenfold.

"I would infer, then, that you consider divorce a dreadful crime?" he asked hoarsely.

"Divorce is an evil, but I will admit it sometimes is a necessary evil. The judge who will grant a man or a woman a divorce, with the privilege of marrying again, is committing a grievous wrong, and is responsible for much sin and misery. There is no just cause why you should seek this divorce, other than you desire to make Lady Betty your wife."

"I admit it. I love Lady Betty Rutledge, and I shall yet make her my wife," he said brutally.

"You are determined to obtain a divorce, then?"

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"Yes, quite determined," was the quick reply.

"Yet you were once equally determined that I should be your wife. In four short years you have wearied of the toy you once prized so highly, have learned to look lightly upon the love you once vowed would be eternal. So much of man's love you have taught me. But remember, the woman who has fascinated you so madly will weary of you even sooner than you have wearied of me. I think we have said all there is to say at present. I shall leave this evening," she said coldly, turning away.

"Very well, but remember, if you persist in your obstinate course, I may be forced to manufacture the evidence I require. It has been done before; it can be done again. I shall order a carriage to take you to the station this evening, so don't fail to be ready," and without one kind look, one farewell word, he left her, and sought the discomfited and angry Lady Betty.

For the first time Dorothy realized her utter helplessness. She was powerless to battle against the foes that threatened her. She knew that Sir Richard was desperate and faithless, and capable of carrying out his last threat. God pity the woman who comes to a realization of such things, when the man who has sworn to honor and protect her, instead of so doing, insults and tramples on the weakness which he has sworn to protect.

The more she thought of it, the more desperate the case appeared to her. Yet she could see no way of escape. They would be sure to devise some plan by which her name would be dragged through the mire of scandal. Of what use was innocence to a woman whose name had been dragged through the courts. A thousand tongues would wag, a thousand rumors fly, which would be magnified, added to, and passed on.

"After all, I am rightly punished," she thought, with a choking sensation in her throat. "I should have been true to Max, and being faithless, I should not have allowed him to see me so much. Now, whichever way I look at it, I see only shame and misery and dishonor."

While Dorothy sat there numbed with despair, a gentle knock sounded on the door, and a familiar voice asked: "May I come in?" And "Uncle Archie's wife" entered.

"You will excuse me, dear, but I couldn't remain away. I, too, was in the parlor when that creature came in. I was very tired, and must have dozed, as I sat there on a couch, and the draperies were drawn. The sound of their voices awakened me, and for very shame's sake I remained hidden. You will forgive me, dear, won't you?" she asked gently.

"There is nothing to forgive, dear Mrs. Douglas, and I am rather glad you heard what passed. You will the better understand my position."

"I do understand, dear, and I sympathize with you. It is all that hateful woman. Oh, my dear, that precious mother of yours has much to answer for! Why could she not have let you marry Max? A title and social position don't always bring happiness, as many of my American sisters have learned to their cost."

"You know of Max, then?" Dorothy asked, her face coloring painfully.

"Know! Of course I do. I have eyes and ears, and I know how to use them. All London knows of your mother's worldliness and your ruined life."

"My God!" Dorothy cried in agony. "Have I concealed my shame so poorly?"

"Your misfortune and sorrow, you mean," Mrs. Douglas replied gently.

Then Dorothy told her what had passed between her husband and herself.

"But that is absurd!" Mrs. Douglas cried indignantly. "He has not the shadow of a proof to bring against you. Don't heed it, dear. It is only a threat."

"But evidence can be bought," Dorothy replied.

"Nonsense! I don't believe Sir Richard would drag your name and his through the courts without a particle of proof to support his claim. Don't be alarmed, dear. It is only a threat. Were he to dare to carry it out, no judge would listen to such a case. I am glad, after all, that I heard what passed today. If the worst should occur, my testimony would be valuable to you."

They were both silent and thoughtful for some minutes. During that time they both realized that be a woman ever so innocent, the breath of a public inquiry will tarnish her good name. Dorothy laid her head upon her friend's shoulder and burst into tears.

"Oh, Max!" she wailed. "It was a dark and evil fate that parted us, then threw us together again. Oh, Mrs. Douglas, tell me what I should do! I cannot endure to think of Max being dragged into this disgraceful affair. I have caused him so much unhappiness in the past, I would spare him this if possible. For myself, it doesn't matter so much. I have been unhappy so long that anything else would seem strange and unnatural."

"What a precious goose you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas. "You should know that a man never suffers in these cases. It is always the woman. The more innocent she is, the more society will shun her. It looks respectable, you know, to raise a great hue and cry against the person who has been so indiscreet as to allow her wrongdoing to be found out. It is always those that have the least virtue that make the loudest outcry. A woman like you, who has been guilty of no actual wrong, but only very imprudent, very sorely tried, and yet has dared to be virtuous, to stand firm against temptation, will receive no mercy."

"I know," Dorothy answered indifferently.

"If Max had only been more thoughtful, and less selfish, you might have been spared much."

"Don't blame him, Mrs. Douglas. He has been so lonely and desolate, and many men would have acted much worse. I alone am to blame. I should not have allowed myself to be persuaded into a marriage that can have but one ending. For my folly I deserve to suffer; only sometimes," she added wearily, "it does seem as though the pain was beyond my power of endurance."

"You poor child!" the American woman murmured softly. "Your atonement is far greater than your sin. What course will you pursue?"

"I hardly know yet. But if he succeeds in gaining the freedom he craves, it will be through no assistance of mine. I will go direct to the Grange, and there allow time to reveal what the end will be. Through all my sorrows I have respected my husband's name. He at least ought to respect mine."

"I think you are acting very wisely," her friend replied. "But I am afraid you will have much to endure yet. You have humiliated Lady Betty, and she will stop at nothing to have her revenge."

"Life is full of suffering," the injured wife replied. "Were I to grant his request, my life would be none the less unhappy. I may as well endure for the right as for the wrong."

"But whatever the end may be, be sure of this," her friend said gently, "my house is always open to you. Though the whole world should turn from you, my friendship and sympathy will always be yours."

Dorothy looked the gratitude she could not utter at the strong, honest face of the American woman—the woman whom Lady Betty considered so vulgar, and whom she had tried so hard to avoid. The young wife's heart was touched beyond expression.

The continuation of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

## The Boss.

"Speakin' about Dick Howell's wife bein' the Major General o' the domestic camp, Hez," smilingly remarked Uncle Josh Watson, breaking into the conversation in Jim Parker's corner grocery, "I want ter say right here that there ain't a derned one o' ye what hain't be'n led around home, sweet home with a [illegible]. Why, as fer——"

"Jes' hold yer hosses a minute, Uncle Josh," reprovingly interposed Hez Perkins. "Yer goin' too thunderation fast. If ye mean ter say that mother does nothing more than tootin' the megaphone at the Perkins ranch, ye've got another guess."

"No, I hain't got no other guess," declared Uncle Josh, "fer it ain't no guessin' matter. It's established facts backed up by expert testimony. Don't mother git whatever she wants? Don't she git it without hollerin' loud enough ter be heard all over the county? If Mrs. Hez come ter you termorrer an' says, 'Hez, I want yer ter dig up some flower beds fer me,' what would you do, dig up them flower beds er go play golf at the Country Club?

"Why, ye'd dig up them flower beds. Ye know derned well ye would. O' course ye'd kick, an' howl an' cuss, an' say ye was too busy ter do it till next Thursday, but in the end ye'd mosey right out on the front lawn with a spade.

"When mother wants yer ter do somethin' she's got a hundred ways ter make ye toe the mark where you hain't got two ways ter duck and run. Then ag'in, she's more foxy than the foxiest man in ten counties, an' when it comes ter schemin' beautiful little schemes she's right there fer the first prize every time the whistle blows.

"An' talkin' about ther foxiness, Hez, ther's the case o' that fellow Bates what was campin' down along the Hedge Corners Creek last summer. When Batesy went home one night, Mrs. Bates said they had been invited to go campin' with a party o' campers. Right there Batesy went up in the air like a sky rocket on the Fourth o' July. He said nix on the camp life. He wouldn't no more think o' goin' out in the woods an' sleepin' with the snakes and lizards than he would put on a bathin' suit ter cross the Desert o' Sahara, an' that when it come ter sayin' 'Now I lay me down ter sleep,' he would rather clasp his hands on his little cot at home than ter lean up ag'in a bunk in the wilderness.

"Campin', he further contended, was all right if you wasn't soft an' easy, but if ye was soft an' easy it was up ter you to chop down trees, carry wood fer the fire, stew the coffee an' wash the dishes, while the rest o' the crowd laid down on the soft moss and blowed cigar smoke at the little birds. Then he told Mrs. Bates ter ferget it, sung the Doxolergy, so ter speak, an' then set down ter his beef an' pertaters.

"Mrs. Bates didn't say a word. She didn't even sigh or sob. She jes' got busy with her foxiness. Week later Batesy got a marked copy o' the Hedge Corners Herald in his office. It tells how Mr. C. Percy Bates, Esq., is going ter camp on the Hedge Corners Creek fer the summer. It also speaks o' his wonderful canoin', an' swimmin', an' fishin', an' says that when it comes ter handlin' a gun C. Percy kin wallop the glory off uv a man what's been in the army for one hundred years.

"Ther ain't nothin' like baitin' with flattery when ye want ter ketch a man, an' the editor spread it on thick. Ten times C. Percy read that article without stoppin' ter git his second wind. Ten more times he read it, an' then he begins ter swell up, an' tell the office force how he used ter yank in the fish an' bring down the birds.

"Tighter an' tighter got the strain on his vest buttons, an' when he went home that night he had a canoe under one arm, a duffle bag under the other, an' a boy comin' on behind with enough guns and fishin' tackle ter equip one o' them scientific experditions.

"O' course little wifey was surprised when she seen the circus comin'. She looked as if she couldn't believe the half uv it. 'Why, C. Percy,' says she, as innercent as a little lamb, 'I thought ye said ye wouldn't go campin' an' take a chance on prayin' in the woods while muskeeters was bitin' the soles o' yer feet.' 'Jes' jokin' with ye, Mollie dear,' says C. Percy, still feelin' chock full o' happiness, 'wanted ter see ye go up in the air.'

"How did it come about? Easy as rollin' off a log. Foxiness o' innercent little Mrs. Bates an' some schemin' on the part o' her dear mother. Little wifey is some, but her mother is some more. It's a combernation that ye can't beat with a two-mile start. If ye ever stack up ag'in it jes' sigh an' surrender.

"Knowin' the weak p'ints o' C. Percy, they sent that item ter the editor here fer publication, an' the editor obliged, addin' on a few more frills ter help along the game. He also follered instructions about sendin' C. Percy a marked copy. Week later Batesy was campin' down along the creek an' showin' the Hedge Corners Herald ter back up his histery.

"An' that's only one case, Hez," concluded Uncle Josh, knocking the ashes from his Kentucky meerschaum. "Ther's a million more that I might dig up, an' in every bloomin' one o' them mother comes under the triumphal arch at the head o' the brass band."

"Maybe she does an' maybe she don't, Uncle Josh," commented Hez, with a doubtful expression floating over his features. "I know that some men are soft and easy like, but I ain't prepared ter admit that mother allers rules the roost."

"Bet a shotgun on it, Hez!" was the chuckling rejoinder of Uncle Josh. "She not only rules the roost every time, but leads father around in such a scientific way that he thinks he's the real boss."

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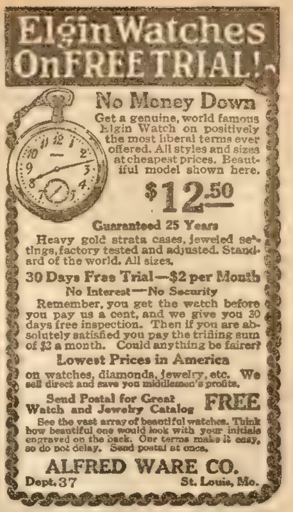
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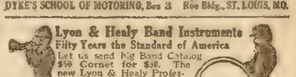

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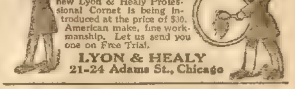
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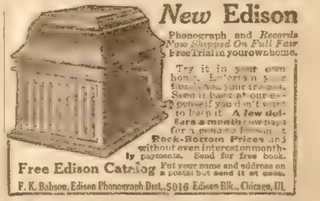
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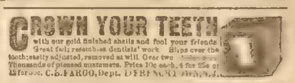
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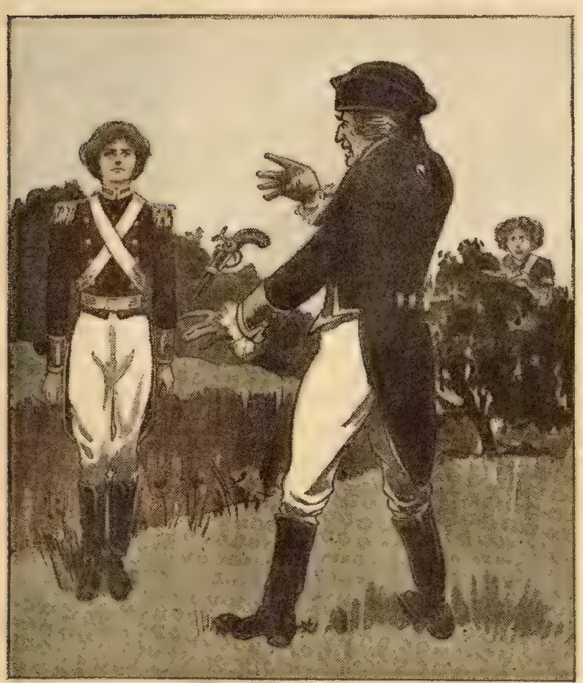
# The Young Guardsman

## Or, Jack Winslow at Waterloo

### By Captain Jack Judson



*"Touch the boy and your doom is sealed!"*

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Begun in No. 35, August 29. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER X.

IN FOUL HANDS.

TO FIND himself once more a prisoner in the underground apartments of Hougomont, and just when he was needed in the ranks, was not a pleasant experience for Jack Wilson.

He and Neville had saved the defenders of the chateau from destruction by frustrating the base designs of Max Moritz and the strange tenant of the cells, but now they were cooped up in the vile place while the two rascals had made good their escape.

The roar of battle increased. Jack knew that the French were hurling their best columns against the chateau, and he chafed in confinement.

"We must find a way out!" he exclaimed. "We must reach our gallant comrades."

Neville was silent. Yes, they must escape, but how? As the door was unyielding they must seek another avenue to freedom, and with this one thought in their minds they went resolutely to work.

"If there be treasure in this strange place we will seek it after the battle, that is if we are victorious. Liberty is the watchword now."

They turned back to the powder kegs and found a narrow way behind them Traversing this they suddenly stepped into a passage through which a puff of air struck their faces.

"There must be an opening ahead," Neville said. "Hurrah! I see a glimmer of light!" And they ran forward and suddenly came out into the open air.

The sight that met their gaze caused them to recoil and stare. Hundreds of Frenchmen, well mounted on black steeds, were preparing to charge the batteries in the orchard. Their handsome plumes waved in the wind, and the drawn sabers caught the glints of the afternoon sun. Jack gripped Neville's arm and pointed at the horsemen.

"We must turn and run for the chateau!" he exclaimed. "It is our only chance."

At that moment they heard the bugles of the cavalry, and then the great mass rushed forward.

"It is useless," gasped Neville, as he looked over his shoulder and saw galloping squadrons. "We shall be trampled to death here."

"To the wall yonder," cried Jack, and they bolted for a stone wall behind which they dropped.

On came the horsemen, some of them standing erect in their stirrups and shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" The earth groaned beneath the iron hoofs. Over the wall went the charging mass. There seemed no end to them.

One of the last to leap the wall caught sight of the crouching boys, and aimed a blow at them with his saber, the point of the heavy blade almost touching Jack's head. The young Guardsman rose and fired at the hussar, and the big fellow fell headlong from his saddle and lay still on the trodden sod.

"That's one!" ejaculated Jack.

In another moment the band had rushed on and were almost upon the grimy cannoneers.

"Now for Hougomont," Jack went on, and suiting action to his words he darted away with Neville at his heels.

"Look! they're falling back," Neville shouted. "Our men have checked them with cold lead."

It was true. The Frenchmen were rushing pellmell, while the iron tore through their decimated ranks.

Neville, as was natural, now thought only of his own safety, for he doubted not that Jack was able to take care of himself. The menaced boy dropped behind a bowlder and hugged the ground. The horsemen passed over him, more than one sharp hoof grazing his head, and when he arose he looked around for Jack. His companion, however, was not to be seen.

Filled with fear, Neville ran to the spot where he had last seen Jack, but he was not there. What had become of him? He had not seen what had taken place.

As the horsemen swept back, one had espied Jack, and by nearly throwing himself from the saddle, he had seized the young Briton and pulled him up on his perch. It was useless for Jack to struggle. His enemy was a man with a giant's strength, and as he performed his feat he laughed in his face. Back to the ridge from which they had charged went the beaten hussars. Jack was dropped to the ground, and they gathered round him. He was a prisoner.

"You thought you could get away from Jules?" grinned the man. "I have eyes like a hawk, my boy. How do you like it?"

"I don't like it at all," growled Jack.

"Well, I'll admit you didn't have much choice," was the reply. "I would be a fool to let a young wasp like you escape."

"But you couldn't take the guns," Jack retorted triumphantly.

"No, curse the redcoats!"

At this juncture a man was seen running toward the group, and a thrill went through the captive's body.

"Here comes a deserter," cried one of the dragoons at sight of the man.

Jack knew him at sight, for he was none other than Max Moritz, the French spy.

"Ho!" grinned the rascal, setting eyes on Jack. "That was a pretty trick you played on me at Hougomont."

The words were met with silence. Moritz turned exultantly to the dragoons.

"But for this young scamp," growled he, "you would now be in Hougomont."

"How's that?" said the commander of the hussars.

"He frustrated our plans to blow the chateau sky-high."

The French colonel turned upon the boy. "Is that true?" he demanded.

"It is true," was the fearless answer. "You don't suppose I would let such a brutal thing happen if I could prevent?"

"It would have settled the fate of the allied army," put in Moritz. "The fellow tried to take my life, and the ball grazed my head. It wasn't his fault that I didn't get it in my brain."

"That is also true," Jack added. "The poor light prevented me from accomplishing my purpose."

The officer smiled. "If you had succeeded," he said to the spy, "we would not have left four hundred dead men before those guns."

"Then pay the boy for his work."

It was another perilous moment in Jack Wilson's career.

"Turn him over to me," continued Moritz, who was eying Jack like a wolf. "I'd like to deal with the young chap."

"Very well, he's yours," was the heartless retort.

Jack's heart sank to the lowest depths when he found himself the prisoner of his old foe. The commander of the hussars rode away and Moritz grasped the boy's arm.

"I guess you didn't expect to see the tables turned so soon?" he grimaced. "You believe me to be a French spy. I am. I serve the Great Napoleon. I am devoted to him, but I belong to his secret service. I intend to pay you back for saving Hougomont."

There was no use asking for mercy at the hands of this wretch. Jack saw this in his flaming eyes.

Moritz dragged him away, his hand sinking like steel into his arm, and though the pain was great, he did not wince. He would not play coward now.

From the foot of the ridge, and between it and where the British batteries stood, ran a narrow wooded ravine. Moritz headed for the spot with grinding teeth. All at once he pushed Jack from him and drew a formidable-looking pistol.

"What have you to say first?" he asked, looking over the weapon at the young Guardsman.

"Nothing save that you are the veriest coward that ever disgraced a uniform."

"What's that?" flashed the man.

"I am quite sure you understand for I heard you speak English in Brussels."

"Yes, and I came near wringing your neck there."

There was no reply.

"You've got a watch, I see."

"Yes."

"I lack a good timepiece," smiled Moritz. "I'll think of you when I consult the dial. Now, my young rascal, you are going to get your eternal discharge at the hands of Monsieur Max Moritz. Look at the sky for the last time. Think of your English home, and——"

"Halt!" called out a clear, ringing voice. "Touch the boy and you seal your doom."

The would-be executioner turned with a white face.

Not more than five feet away stood the trim figure of a girl, her dark eyes aglow, and in her hand a pistol which covered the spy.

"Trix!" said Jack, under his breath.

"Throw away your weapon," continued the fair lass, about whose body swung a bright canteen. "Now, sir, about face and march away. You may thank Heaven that Trix spares your life. I saw you conduct your prisoner to this spot, and guessed your intention. Go!"

If looks could have killed, the girl would have fallen dead where she stood. Moritz slunk guiltily away.

"I owe you my life!" cried Jack, bounding to where his deliverer stood. "We will meet again. Now I must rejoin my comrades."

"But the enemy is between you and Hougomont," was the reply.

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CHAPTER XI.

DOOMED TO DIE.

THE enemy was between Jack and Hougomont.

"I cannot remain here," he said to Trix, "while my comrades are fighting yonder."

"Then you must run a gantlet of fire, and afoot."

Jack braced himself for the ordeal. Max Moritz was out of sight, frightened by the weapon of the girl who would not have hesitated to take his life had he disobeyed her command. He had evidently rejoined the beaten hussars. At any rate, Jack saw nothing of him.

With a farewell look at Trix, the young Guardsman darted away, keeping under cover as much as possible, for missiles of all kinds were cutting the air, and over where the fight was raging about the chateau a cloud of smoke hung like a curtain of doom.

He was protected a while by a range of low hills, which he hugged closely, but at length he was forced into the open, which added speed to his efforts. He succeeded much better than he expected, for fortune favored him, and at last he found himself among the outbuildings of the chateau, and then in the battered chateau itself.

All was confusion there. The place was almost entirely surrounded by fighting lines of French; his comrades were powder-blackened and nearly exhausted,

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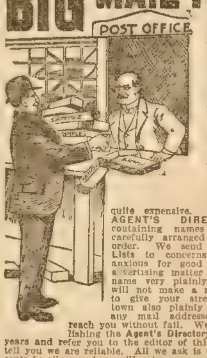

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but still they clung to the work, which was growing hotter every minute. He looked around for Neville.

"He's in yonder," said a soldier in answer to his questions, as he pointed to the smoke-wreathed building. "I guess it means a missing leg if nothing more."

Jack plunged into the chateau and sought the surgeons' ward. Neville had been grievously wounded, but he looked up with a smile when Jack grew near.

"I've got a remembrance of the battle," he said. "I don't think I will forget our little outing, Jack."

Jack, after a few words of comfort and hope, rushed away.

"This must be the last charge," he heard some one say. "Willoughby is down, Laygone is killed, and the French demons are forming for the grand coup."

It was indeed a terrific onslaught. It seemed as though Napoleon had massed his whole army for the capture of Hougomont. They came on in serried ranks, filling the air with their battle cries, their flags waving and plumes fluttering in the breeze. Jack impetuously dashed into the heart of the melee.

"Get back there!" said a voice at his side, and at the same time he was thrust back.

"I won't. I came out to fight."

"And get killed, eh?"

He did not recognize the man at first, for the red handkercheif about his forehead, but a second look revealed the features of Old Moustache.

"Where have you been?" continued the grizzled veteran.

"Into the jaws of death," was the reply.

"And they didn't hold ye?" grinned the old fellow.

"It wasn't Max Moritz's fault that they didn't," said Jack.

There was no need of further conversation, for the enemy was at the door of the chateau, and the struggle was desperate. Napoleon had thrown his best men into the place, for it was the key to the whole position.

"I told you so!" cried Old Moustache, as Jack reeled backward with a shriek.

He went to the ground, but the next moment was on his feet again.

"By Jove! you'll get to spend that legacy yet," smiled the soldier.

"In spite of the Little Corporal," answered Jack, as he went forward once more.

The French were beaten back, but only by the most desperate courage. A heap of men of both armies lay dead at the door which had been righted and barred. Jack wiped powder and sweat from his forehead.

There was now a breathing spell, and the sun was hanging low in the murky heavens. Over the fields, trampled by thousands and covered with dead and dying men, hung a heavy pall of smoke. The air was scarcely breathable.

The battle of Waterloo was near its close.

"Why doesn't Blucher come?" was heard on every side.

Wellington, with his watch in hand, was waiting for night or the old German wardog; he cared not which would come first. Suddenly a cry of exultation was heard.

"Blucher! Blucher!" rent the air.

Far away was seen the van of the German army. Blucher's hussars were driving the French before them. Jack, who had picked up a field glass, saw Wellington and Blucher clasp hands among a lot of dead, and he gave vent to a shout of joy.

Inside the chateau was a well, and he hastened toward it, for his lips were parched and dry. He saw a man putting the iron cup to his lips, and at the sight he involuntarily recoiled. Was he never to have done with that man?

Suddenly the fellow threw down the cup and darted toward the stairway which led to the cells beneath the floor.

"Up to his old trick," ejaculated Jack, plunging after him without second thought. "He is going to fire the powder, and——"

The horror of the thought broke his sentence, for the man was Max Moritz, whom he had but lately left on the spot where Trix had saved his life. Moritz was already out of sight.

Jack, pistol in hand, did not hesitate, but plunged down the darkened staircase to fall headlong at the bottom. Something had struck him in the face, whether fist or club he did not know, and he had no time to investigate. Getting upon his feet as soon as possible, he rushed on.

Moritz was somewhere, bent, no doubt, upon the diabolical deed which he (Jack) had once frustrated, and this thought set the boy's blood afire. He was surrounded by darkness that was almost palpable. He could not see his hand before his face, but the situation made him grasp his weapon more firmly than before.

Let us follow the desperado.

Intent upon one purpose, that of blowing up the chateau, the French spy had put all other thoughts aside. He was groping in the dark for the powder kegs, feeling his way along the slimy wall in hopes of stumbling upon them. He had matches in his pocket, and his soul was ruled by revenge.

Now there was no girl near to baffle him. Trix was elsewhere, attending to the wounded, and he had the whole field of vengeance to himself. Had he known that it was Jack whom he had struck on the stairs, he would have finished his work ere he proceeded to his devilish task, but the darkness had prevented recognition.

At length he almost fell over the kegs of hidden powder. He drew back with an exclamation of fiendish delight.

"I have them in my hands now!" he cried, getting second wind. "I will show the Iron Duke that one man can wrest victory from his grasp. A little light, a scanty fuse, and pouf! into the air goes old Hougomont and all it holds."

He knelt on the ground and lignted his slow-burning match. The little flame grew larger, and revealed the pile of kegs in which death and destruction lay. The remnant of the fuse which Jack had trampled out lay before him. He pushed it into a small hole in one of the kegs.

Jack, who had caught sight of the light, was coming down the passage into the magazine. The flame thrilled him. He leaned against the wall and caught his breath as he gazed at the scene with distended eyes. He would not fail this time. He heard the kneeling man chuckle in his crime-stained soul.

"Now for business!" cried Moritz. "Now for victory and Bonaparte!"

Jack raised his pistol and thrust it forward. The next instant, to his horror, it flashed in the pan. The fiend at the powder kegs sprang to his feet with a curse. He held the match above his head, and caught sight of the boy against the wall.

"You?" cried he, standing for a moment with the features of a maddened wolf. "So it was you I struck a while ago?"

Then he came down upon the young Guardsman with the ferocity of a savage. Jack was jerked from the wall in a flash; he heard the hiss of the man-serpent; he felt the hands that gripped him like vises of pliant steel, and then——

When he caught his breath again, he was lying on one of the kegs fastened with ropes, and entirely helpless. Max Moritz was kneeling before him with another match.

"This is vengeance!" he heard the wretch say, as he arose and glared. "I guess the girl won't interpose now. Bonaparte forever! Good-by, Monsieur Jack," and then with another laugh the villain turned and bolted off.

Jack could not speak. Hope died in his soul. He looked downward and saw the deadly fuse sputtering at his feet.

## CHAPTER XII.

## JACK PAYS A DEBT.

THE dangerous object from which Jack could not take his eyes seemed to laugh in his face. He thought of a thousand things in the space of a second, of England, of his boyhood, of the legacy he never expected to see, of the army even then fighting over a slumbering volcano—nothing escaped his thoughts.

And then came a startling revulsion. The fuse gave a final gasp and went out! Jack could not believe for a moment the evidence of his own eyes. He was wrapped in total darkness; the air was heavy again. And Moritz, the fiend, was gone.

His one desire now was to wriggle out of his bonds and get out of this horrid place. He set to work at once, and, thanks to the spy's haste in tying him, he was soon free.

Tumbling down from the pile of kegs, he was soon racing along the dark corridor. He gained the one door that barred his way, and sprang up the stairs.

Napoleon had not given up hopes of taking Hougomont. Shot and shell were raining on the devoted building, and musket balls were hissing everywhere. No use to look for Max Moritz in that noisy melee.

Once more, and for the last time, the French were driven off; they could not withstand the desperate men who defended the chateau, and as the day waned they went back discomfited.

Now came the last desperate effort of the great Emperor. He marshaled the Old Guard, that splendid body of men that had never been defeated.

Jack ran to one of the upper windows of the chateau and watched the waves of bearskin caps that moved forward. It was a sight seen but once in the world, and that was on that fatal day. Led by Ney, the Old Guard plunged forward. It was met by a fire which no human ranks could stand. The gallant lines were plowed with shot. On, on they went, stumbling over heaps of their own dead, shouting the battle cry which on other fields had struck terror into the hearts of thousands. Jack was thrilled by the spectacle. He saw it all.

The Old Guard did all that men could do. He saw Ney fighting on foot at its head; he saw the colors rise and fall; he caught sight of a man on a white horse on a little hillock, with his eyes glued on the men who were battling for an empire. It was Napoleon.

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Then came the rush back. Jack saw the wavering lines fighting still; the few who stood now and then for a moment to be crushed under the iron hoofs of the British horses. For a moment he closed his eyes to the scene.

When he opened them again the scene was changed; the French had lost the day. He saw the remnant of the Grand Army fleeing in every direction, followed by the German hussars who sabered mercilessly wherever they rode. Then he bounded down the stairs and came out into the open.

"It was grand!" exclaimed Old Moustache, wiping the sweat and blood from his furrowed face. He caught Jack in his arms.

"Hurrah for the Iron Duke!" the old fellow shouted. "It is the end of the Little Corporal."

That night Jack went out over the battlefield. The moon had risen over the awful scene, and everywhere lay those who would march and fight no more. Bonaparte was on his way to Paris, a fugitive, his star forever set. No more would he trouble Europe; the eagle's wings had been clipped.

Suddenly Jack caught sight of a figure creeping among the dead. It at first looked like a prowling hyena, but as it drew nearer he saw that it was a human ghoul robbing those who had fallen. The sight sent an indignant thrill through the boy's veins. He drew his pistol and crouched with his gaze riveted on the robber.

All at once a cry escaped his lips. The man had risen from plundering one of the Life Guardsmen. It was Max Moritz.

The fellow thrust the plunder into his pocket, and was turning away when Jack's voice rang out on the night air. The French spy halted and then took to his heels.

Jack raised his weapon and fired. There was a cry, a staggering form, and the man lay still. Jack ran to his quarry.

"This pays all debts!" said he, as he looked down into the face already paling in the light of the gray-blue moon. "There will be no more matches at the powder kegs after this."

Turning back he saw a girlish figure moving among the fallen soldiers.

"Trix?" he called, and she rose and came forward.

"Safe, Monsieur Jack!" she exclaimed, holding out her hands. "It is all over. The French eagles will fly no more."

"But you, Trix?" said the young Guardsman. "What are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I will go back and drive the cattle in the Forest of Soignes."

"But we are not going to let you stay there," was the reply. "We will take you to England——"

"Where all the fine ladies reside?" smiled Trix. "What would I be among them in my country dress?"

"You will be as great as any of them," Jack returned.

She shook her head and showed her pearly teeth in the soft moonlight.

Meanwhile Neville was resting on his cot in the chateau. He had heard of the victory. Jack sat on the edge of the cot and looked into his pale face.

"How about the leg, Neville?" he asked.

"I'm going to have two pretty good ones," was the smiling reply. "I may not be able to leap the bar as of old, but I'll manage to navigate."

Of the boys' return to England I need not speak.

Not long afterward Colonel Willoughby laid a folded paper on Jack's table and told him to open it, which he did. It was a captain's commission in the Iron Duke's army. Wellington had kept his word.

"But I think Neville should have something, too," said Jack, looking up into his uncle's face.

"It's Lieutenant Neville now," was the response.

"Good!" cried the young captain. "I guess we will never forget Waterloo."

Colonel Willoughby went over to the window, where he remained for a few moments.

"By the way," said he, turning suddenly to Jack. "I had a visitor this morning."

The boy's look was a question.

"She was a girl who called herself Trix——"

"What, the Trix of the Forest of Soignes?"

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"Oh, she said she wanted to see the great ladies of England. She's a pert thing, Jack."

"And as brave as pert," was the young Guardsman's comment. "I owe her my life."

"Well, we'll see that she is introduced to some of the nobility. With a little training and education, she'll make her mark," and the gallant Colonel turned away.

A few years later Captain Winslow encountered a very beautiful woman at the King's reception. She smiled as he came up and held out her hand. Jack's look was a stare.

"Has Captain Winslow forgotten Waterloo?" she naively asked.

Then the young Guardsman saw it all.

"Forgotten Waterloo?" he exclaimed. "I had the time of my life there."

"And in the Forest of Soignes, too, I fancy?"

"I see. You must be—you are Trix!"

"Trix of Soignes, Waterloo, and England!" with a merry laugh. "I am going back to the old place one of these days, just to have the pleasure of driving the cattle home again."

"This time you will not carry the canteen——"

"No, Captain Winslow. St. Helena no longer holds the captive eagle, and Europe will tremble no more at the tramp of his legions. Napoleon is dead!"

More than once Trix was Jack's guest, and the reader may be sure that when they met they talked over the great campaign of the Hundred Days and sometimes Neville would ride up, and a merrier party was never seen under English skies.

A great new war story for boys in next week's Ledger, entitled "Aeroplane Tom; or, in the World Wide War." It is the exciting story of two aeroplane boys in the present European war. It will give you much information, and many thrilling moments. Read it without fail.

The End.

* * *

## Just a Few Requests.

"I have no wish to be fussy, and I am sure that you will find that I am not that way after I am fully settled," said the new boarder to the landlady, who had "put up" with so much during thirty years as mistress of a boarding house that she was immune from surprise of any kind.

"As I say," added the new boarder, "I have no wish to be fussy, but I would like to have the bed put in the other corner of the room and the dressing case put where the bed is and the mirror hung in a different light and the wash stand put where it would be less conspicuous. And would you mind asking the person in the room across the hall not to play the piano quite so much, and if the person in the room adjoining mine must smoke, will you ask him not to do so when I am in the room? Tobacco smoke is exceedingly disagreeable to me, and I can detect it through a closed door.

"Then may I ask you to speak to the milkman about whistling when he brings the milk? I heard him distinctly before daylight this morning, and I could not get to sleep again. And I heard one of your maids singing or trying to sing several times today, and it was really very unpleasant, and—oh, yes! I knew there was something else! Could you in some way suggest to the old gentleman who sits next to me at the table that he eat his soup without making that disagreeable drawing-in noise? And if he was boarding with me I would not hesitate to tell him that it is the worst of bad form to tuck his napkin in his collar. As I say, I have no wish to be fussy, and I think you will discover that I am not that way; but I—one of my towels was a little damp when it was brought to me this morning, and I do dislike a damp towel or napkin above all things; and if I could have unsalted butter and no pepper in my soup, I would appreciate it. I had made a little list of other things I want to speak to you about, but I do not seem able to lay my hand on it. There were three or four other things I do not remember. I will speak to you about them later. Not that I want to be fussy, but—could I have a lower rocking chair in my room? This one is so high, especially for sewing."—Judge.

* * *

## Not Satisfied.

The clerk was at a loss, and the floorwalker minced up and took a part in the conversation.

"Now, how about my money back?" demanded the red-faced lady.

"We return money when cases so justify. What is it—ribbons, shoes?"

"Naw; it's a book."

"Has the book been read?"

"Of course."

"Um. We can't return money on books, you know."

The red-faced lady grew purple.

"You aim to have only satisfied customers. That's the way you advertise. Ain't it, now?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then why can't you take this novel back and return my money?"

"Is the book damaged in any way?" sparred the floorwalker. "Print imperfect, or anything like that?"

"Can't say it is."

"Then why are you not satisfied with the novel?"

"Why, I don't like the way it ends."—Judge.

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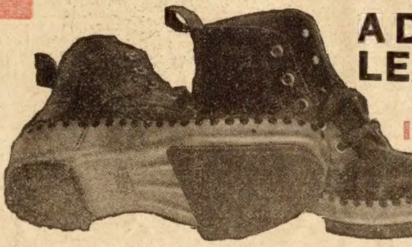


"Steels" mean All-day-comfort to Every Man or Boy. Can be worn from sun-up to sun-down.

"Steels" do not absorb barnyard or stable filth and odors. Easy to wear—Easy to clean.

"Steels" protect the Man or Boy who can't pick his steps—make him tireless and sure-footed.

"Steels" keep the feet dry and comfortable in all weather—Protect health year around.

"Steels" with Adjustable Leather Taps can be worn at all times and places. They do not sweat the feet.

Health, Comfort and Economy Demand that You Wear "Steels"
The Lightest—and Only Absolutely Waterproof—Workshoe

N. M. Ruthstein
The Steel Shoe Man

The World's Greatest Workshoe

Twelve years of untiring effort and the expenditure of a Fortune have enabled me to produce a workshoe that surpasses all others for Comfort, Lightness, Protection, Practicability, Service and Economy—Absolutely Waterproof under all conditions—in all seasons—from season to season—for town or country.

It cost more than a half a million in cash to bring My "Steels" to their present perfection and make this offer and announcement to you today. I recently spent one hundred thousand dollars to improve my "Steels"—make them more comfortable—improving every part of the shoe—and to increase my capacity to meet the tremendously increased demand. My latest TRIUMPH Adjustable Leather Taps—make my "Steels" the Only Practical, General Purpose Workshoe.

Saved Millions for Workers

My "Steels" have saved to workers more than twenty million in shoe expense alone, and many Millions more in doctor and drug bills—in loss of time from sickness or bad weather—because no man or boy need fear to wear my "Steels" in the roughest storm—summer or winter—rain, snow, sleet, slush or mud.

Now, My "Steels" will save countless Millions more for the men and boys who see this advertisement—who will wear my "Steels."

My "Steels"—Best Health Insurance

Here is the only all-the-year-around workshoe ever invented. The shoe for every season—Cool in Summer—Warm in Winter—Dry and Shapely—always. They never Harden nor Waterlog, Scald the feet, Warp, Twist, or Leak.

My "Steels" absolutely protect the wearer from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Coughs, Sore Throat and other "wet-foot troubles."

My "Steels" are Foot-form-fitting—always keep their original shape. The Steel Sole is a Natural Arch Support. Nothing to Rub nor Chafe. Sure prevention and relief for Corns, Bunions, Callouses, Chilblains, and all Foot Discomforts.

My "Steels" are altogether the Best Investment you can make, Best for your Health—Best for your Comfort—Best for your Pocket-Book.

Leather-Tapped "Steels"—My Masterpiece

The Adjustable Taps of my New Model "Steels" are of firm, solid, special Process Leather, firmly attached to the wonderful sole of thin, wear-resisting, springy steel that has made my "Steels" the World's Greatest Workshoe.

Leather Taps Instantly Replaced

Then, when worn, the Leather Taps are instantly Removed—Instantly Replaced by any one—at home. The cost of New Taps is small—but 40c for a full set of better-wearing, more solid leather than is ever put into the best all-leather workshoes. They last three times as long as any other taps.

The Ideal General Service Workshoe

Here—At Last—is the Ideal Shoe for every Man or Boy. Not alone for the Farmer—not alone for the Dairy, Stock or Creamery Man—the Fruit or Vegetable Grower—but for Everyone who Works or Plays—Indoors or Out—in City, Town, Village or Hamlet—Forest or Field or Range or Road or Pavement—on Mountain or Plain—in Factory or Mine—for Mechanic, Laborer, Soldier, Shopman, Sportsman—for every man who Does Things—for Every Worker.

My "Steels" stand Alone—Supreme—The Greatest and Best General Service Workshoe the World has ever seen.

"Steels" in All Sizes for Men and Boys

"Steels" run in same sizes as ordinary leather shoes and rubber boots—and in all heights. Sizes for Men 5 to 12; 6, 9, 12 or 16 inches high—for Boys, Sizes 1 to 4; 6 or 9 inches high.

You Must Try My "Steels"

You cannot begin to realize the True Value of my "Steels"—you cannot know the height of Shoe Comfort, Economy and Protection—until you try and wear my "Steels."

You know, and I know, that the day of the Leather Workshoe is passing—that you must find something better—more Comfortable—more Lasting—more Economical—that leather workshoes are getting lower in quality and higher in price every year—that cheap workshoes are cheaply made—that even the most expensive will not last one full season.

My "Steels" are higer in grade and lower in price than any other workshoe—three to five times better value for less money.

The Sole of Steel

This Book FREE

Let me send this book to you by mail, postpaid. Read it and learn more of this great shoe with the sole of steel—the shoe with the light, springy, airy "step"—the shoe that rests your foot naturally and comfortably—always holding its perfect shape—never a "run-down" heel, broken arch, warped sole, worn toe, twisted uppers, or cracks or leaks. Before you think of buying a pair of workshoes, get this great book of shoe facts and learn about this wonderful, foot saving sole of seamless steel. Do not think of turning this page until you have sent for this free book.

Try "Steels" Ten Days at My Risk

I have spent a Fortune to MAKE GOOD every claim and every statement made for my "Steels." You cannot prove their worth to you unless you try my "Steels." You cannot profit by my years of effort if you lay aside this paper before writing to me.

I do not ask you to take my word nor the unstinted praise of the Million wearers of my "Steels." I'm asking you to TAKE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT—the evidence of your own Senses.

Just TRY my "Steels"—just send the coupon or a postal—ask for my FREE BOOK—ask for FREE DEMONSTRATION—FREE TEN-DAY TRY-ON—in your own home—on YOUR OWN FEET.

DON'T lay this paper aside until you have done what I ask—for your own good—for the sake of your Health and General Prosperity. You already know my reputation—ask any Banker—and Express Company or the Publisher of this Paper—they'll tell you I am absolutely reliable.

Send Postal or This Coupon
N. M. RUTHSTEIN, The Steel Shoe Man,
Dept. 71, Racine, Wis.

Dear Sir:—Please send me, postpaid, your free book, "The Sole of Steel" and full particulars of your Free Ten-Day Try-On Offer without cost, risk or obligation to me.

Name.............................................

Street or R. F. D. No...............................

Town.......................State.......................

N. M. RUTHSTEIN THE STEEL SHOE MAN
Dept. 71, RACINE, WIS.
U. S. Factory, Racine, Wis. Canadian Factory, Toronto, Can. British Factory, Northampton, Eng.
ALSO MANUFACTURER OF THE "WORLD FAMOUS SCIENTIFIC SHOE" FOR DRESS AND GENERAL SERVICE

## For a Recipe.

City folks are smart and pushing and generally get what they're after," admitted the old storekeeper. "I'll give 'em credit for that. I remember, about four years ago come fall, late one afternoon, a young city drummer drove up here with a horse and buggy, thinking he could sell me some goods. He wasn't much more than a boy, but he was a smooth talker, and I liked his looks first rate. He opens up on me something like this:

"'My name is Sawtelle,' he says, 'and I represent the Excelsior Biscuit Company. We're putting out a fine quality of goods at moderate prices, and I'd like to place a line with you if I can interest you——'

"'Well, now look here, my son,' says I, 'you've struck a town that's noted for its good cooks, and when it comes to hot biscuits our women folks stand way up high. The only trouble I can possibly find with my wife's biscuits is that I never know when to stop eating 'em, and I don't believe any factory product could——'

"'Excuse me,' he interrupts, but you and I don't mean the same kind of biscuit. Here, I'll show you.' And with that he opens his grip and takes out a big card all covered over with imitation cookies and crackers made out of paper mash and colored up to look as natural as life. 'This is the style of goods we manufacture,' he explains, 'though we call 'em biscuits for convenience. We do 'em up in hermetrickly sealed packages, warranted to keep fresh, or we send 'em to you in bulk, as you prefer.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'they look real pert and pretty, but, as I was telling ye, our women folks are wonders with the mixing-bowl and the rolling-pin, and they can bake a batch of the tastiest kind of cookies without half trying.'

"Young Sawtelle he talked on a spell, but he soon see there wa'n't nothing doing, and he gi e it up finally. Before he went, though, he asked me if there was a hotel in town where he could stay over night.

"'No,' I says, 'there ain't no regular hotel, but do you see that white house on the hill yonder? Aunt Patty Loveland lives there all sole alone, except for her niece, and she has been known to take a few summer boarders just for the company like; and I kind of guess she would accommodate you for one night. She's a dear old lady, and her niece is a real pretty-spoken girl—she teaches our village school. You'd like 'em both, and I guess probably they'd like you. Anyhow, you go up along and tell 'em I sent you.'"

"Did they take him in?" asked the listener to the old man's narration.

"They did," was the emphatic reply. "I'd have been mighty disappointed if they hadn't, because I sent him up there for a purpose of my own. Aunt Patty, she used to make a certain kind of cookie that was known and praised for miles around. My! but they were good, them cookies. Ask any of the village children, and see 'em smack their lips. Aunt Patty used to turn 'em out by the bushel, pretty nigh, and give 'em away right and left to whoever came along, and I can tell you they never were refused.

"But how she made 'em not a solitary soul except herself knew. It was a profound secret, and nothing would induce her to give it away. Cookies in any quantity you could have free gratis for the asking, but the recipe—not for silver nor for gold, no, sir. Well, I figured that at supper young Sawtelle would get some of them cookies, and I knew one taste of them would convince him that there wasn't no show for any machine-made product in this town. It did; and it did more.

"That was nearly four years ago. Sawtelle doesn't drum trade any more; he is assistant manager of a biscuit company, and they're making the biggest kind of a run and stacks of money on a cookie they call 'Aunt Patty Cake,' put together according to Aunt Patty's own special rule."

"Oh, Sawtelle coaxed the recipe out of the old lady, did he?"

"No, sir; not a syllable of it, but Aunt Patty died about a year and a half ago, and just before she passed away she whispered the secret to her niece—and Sawtelle he married the niece."

* * *

## Promotion.

They were joint owners of an apartment house, and one day the junior partner sought his colleague in some trepidation.

"The janitor wants ten dollars more per month, or he'll leave. I hate to give up the money, but we can't spare him."

The senior partner disappeared and returned in a few moments.

"It's all right," said he. "I've satisfied him, and it didn't cost us anything."

"How's that?"

"The janitor is now superintendent."

"Good work!" declared the junior partner. "But why didn't you make him superintendent in the first place?"

"Because," answered the senior member, "I knew he'd want a promotion eventually. Every man wants a promotion some time, and, to my mind, a good man deserves one."—Judge.

# The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

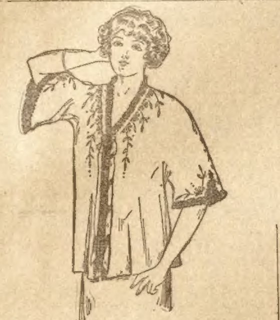
We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

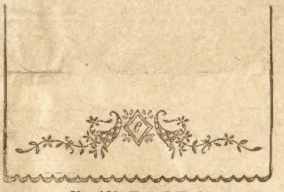
You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

Canada—Single subscriptions, $1.50; Blade and Ledger, $3.00 the year.



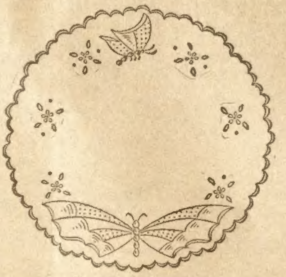
No. 158, Kimono Jacket.

**NO. 158, LADY'S KIMONO JACKET.**—This up-to-date lady's kimono jacket is to be worked in outline and solid embroidery. Same comes stamped on linen finish lawn, including cotton for working and lace for edging. Given free with a $2.00 subscription to the Blade and the Ledger.



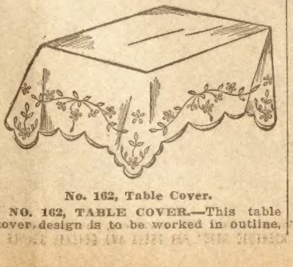
No. 160, Towel End.

**NO. 160, TOWEL END.**—This towel end design is to be worked in solid, outline, and buttonhole embroidery. Same comes stamped on huckaback, size 15x24 inches, and includes necessary cotton for working. Given free with a $1.00 year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.



No. 161, Centerpiece.

**NO. 161, CENTERPIECE.**—This beautiful centerpiece, butterfly design, is to be worked in eyelet, outline, and buttonhole embroidery. Same comes stamped on pure imported linen, size 22x22 inches, including six skeins cotton for working. Given free with a $1.00 year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.



No. 162, Table Cover.

**NO. 162, TABLE COVER.**—This table cover design is to be worked in outline, eyelet, and buttonhole embroidery. Same comes stamped on fine quality Irish linen (Union), size 36x36 inches, including eighteen skeins embroidery cotton for working. Given free with a $2.00 year's subscription to the Blade and the Ledger.

* * *

### Shellfish.

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh, well," he decided, finally, "you may bring a dozen fried oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's very sorry, sah, but we's out ob all shellfish 'cepting aigs."

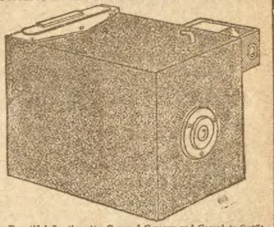
$5.00 Value for $1.00

No dark room required, no printing necessary

CAMERA $1.00

and Complete Outfit

Pictures Taken and Finished in Two Minutes



Beautiful Leatherette Covered Camera and Complete Outfit, with instructions, so that even a child of 6 years can take good pictures of Landscapes, Buildings, Friends, etc.

Positively no knowledge of photography necessary. You can earn money taking pictures. A wonderful investment for profit or pleasure. Do not compare this with any 25c. outfit.

Every camera is positively guaranteed. Money promptly refunded if not as represented. Complete camera and outfit ready for use, shipped prepaid by parcel post for only $1.

WILSON CAMERA CO.

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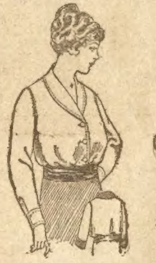
GOLD FILLED BIRTHSTONE RING FREE. To get acquainted with you we will send this gold filled ring, warranted 3 years, any size, set with Your Birthstone, for 12c, to help pay advertising.

THE AUCTION CO., Dept. H, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

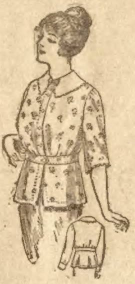
# PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

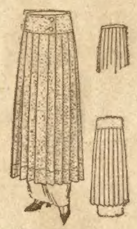
We make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



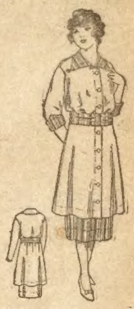
**8379** Plain Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.



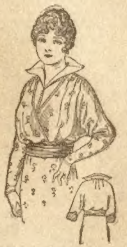
**8355** House Jacket, 34 to 44 bust.



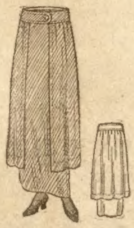
**8351A** Plaited Tunic, 24 to 32 waist.



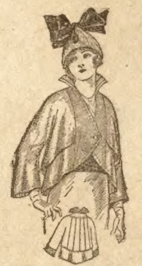
**8370** Girl's Russian Tunic Dress, 10 to 14 years.



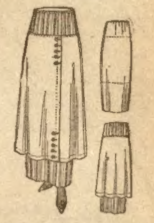
**8371** Gathered Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.



**8359** Two-Piece Skirt with Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



**8375** Fancy Double Coat, 34 to 42 bust.



**8363** Two-Piece Skirt with Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 18 and 18 years.

## HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

........................ CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ........................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME ..............................................................

Street No.
or R. F. D. ........................................................

Box.............Town.................................................

This is a...........................Subscription. State.........................
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

**Send Today for Big Souvenir Bargain Book**

# Great Hartman 60th Anniversary Sale

## A Whole Year Preparing

To us, this 60th Anniversary Sale means pride in achievement—to you an unusual money-saving opportunity. We have scoured the world's markets, bought out factories, controlled outputs, placed all our energies and our Ten Million Dollar purchasing power behind this unprecedented sale which can only be summed up in the one word—**UNEQUALED.** Furniture, rugs, carpets, stoves, silverware, everything, until our enormous stocks are taxing even the capacity of our mammoth new buildings and warehouses. It is the very climax of **Hartman** accomplishment.

**Oldest And Biggest** Sixty years in business—Sixty years of success. Started before the name of Lincoln became famous, passed through wars, panics, floods and epidemics, but built upon the foundation of honesty and square dealing—gaining the confidence of the people, we stand today without a rival. Sixty years the leaders. Today our lead is far greater than ever before.

**Our record breaking money saving sale** in the celebration of this 60th Anniversary is an epoch maker in merchandising. You should take advantage of this rare opportunity to furnish your home—now is your time to get that rug, rocker, curtains, stove or any of those other home furnishings you have wanted so long. Get your souvenir catalog today.

## *Only ONE To Each Family*

The specially advertised items and prices shown here are a part of our great 60th Anniversary Souvenir Offering. If you want any one of them—don't bother sending any money with your order—just tell us at once which one you want—no red tape about references or first payments—but we can only afford to send **one** of these specially advertised 60th Anniversary items at these terms and prices to each family.

But when you receive your Bargain Book you may select any amount from $5 to $500 on our liberal credit terms and money-saving prices—no restrictions whatever.

You can pay cash if you wish to but there is not a single penny saved by doing so, because our prices are **rock bottom**—prices made possible only by our immense $10,000,000 purchasing power—and enormous output. So, no matter what you need for the home, get it now at these remarkable prices and enjoy the benefits of **Hartman's** 60th Anniversary "free from objections" liberal credit terms.

## Hartman Makes Easiest Terms

No matter who you are—or how small your income—or where you live, your credit is good at **Hartman's.** We will trust you just as we are trusting **millions of other** home-lovers who are now buying their entire household needs from **Hartman**—on an open charge account without any red tape whatever. There are no extra charges, no mortgages to sign, no interest to pay—nor do we ask for any security. **Hartman's** transactions with you are strictly confidential, no references are asked—no embarrassment. Your neighbors need not know your business. The **Hartman** modern credit system is free from **all** objectionable features—you'll like the **Hartman** plan when you know all about it. With long time credit as easy to get as it is from **Hartman** there is no longer any reason for anyone, even of limited income, to live in a meagerly furnished home.

## Mammoth Souvenir Bargain Book

***Write For Your Free Copy Today***

This wonderful Credit Bargain Book is a fitting souvenir for our 60th Anniversary and should be in the possession of every home lover. It shows you how the house of **Hartman** not only brought the necessities, but the comforts and even luxuries heretofore only found in the homes of the rich and prosperous, within the reach of even those of limited means by their remarkable low prices and most liberal easy payment plan.

We cannot describe the overwhelming demand for this truly remarkable 60th Anniversary Sale Souvenir Bargain Book. Our customers have already told their friends of these unparalleled bargains, so it's coming with a rush, rush, rush, an army of people in our mammoth establishment sending to thousands upon thousands our greatest of all Souvenir Bargain Sale Book, so send for yours today. Your name and address on a postal will get yours. It's free and waiting for you. It's truly a marvel, showing everything in home furnishings, including wondrous assortments of carpets, rugs, draperies, in actual colors—patterns and designs photographed from the original. It is like bringing into your home the largest stocks of home furnishings ever gathered together in the world—many times the size of the largest city stores.

**Furniture,**
**Carpets,**
**Rugs,**
**Jewelry,**
**Go-Carts,**
**Mattresses,**
**Silverware,**
**Stoves, Ranges,**
**Bedding,**
**Portiers,**
**Springs,**
**Tinware,**
**Clocks,**
**Dishes,**
**Washing Machines,**
**Sewing Machines,**
**Carpet Sweepers,**
**Lace Curtains,**
**Phonographs,**
**Refrigerators.**

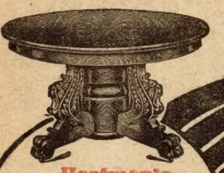
No matter whether you're thinking of new home furnishings, now or in the future, you must see this mammoth Souvenir Bargain Book—compare its remarkable offerings—nothing else like it. The demand will be tremendous but we are holding one for every reader of this paper—so send your name and address today, on a postal.

## 30 Days' Free Examination

Every single article shown in the Big Special **Hartman** Bargain Book must actually sell itself on its own merit, after you see it in your own home. At the end of a month you are privileged to return the articles ordered if you do not find them all that we claim and perfectly satisfactory. **Hartman** Cheerfully Refunds Your Money, Including Freight.

***Hartman's Guarantee Protects You—Read It Below***

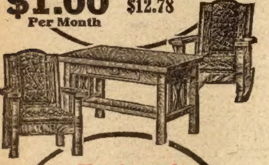
**HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.**
3926 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Dining Table Bargain

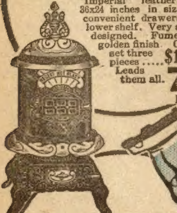
**No. 4G630.** Handsome Dining Table made of carefully selected solid oak. Brilliant golden finish polish. 45 inch top with 6 foot extension. Deep box rim. Massive pedestal, supported heavy carved legs with heads and claw feet—the best grade of casters. A big value for the money. You take no chances in ordering. Price $12.78

**$1.00 Per Month**



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Library Set Bargain

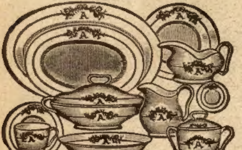
**No. 5G640. Three Piece Solid Oak Library Set.** New style three-piece library set made of selected solid oak with chair seats and backs upholstered in Spanish "Imperial" leather. Table is 36x24 inches in size and has convenient drawers. Strong lower shelf. Very artistically designed. Fumed or wax golden finish. Complete set three pieces..... $11.89 Leads them all. **75c Per Month**



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Heater Bargain

**No. 8G853. "Regent" Hot Blast Heating Stoves.** A service giving Hot Blast heating stove that for the money is an excellent bargain. Made of cold rolled steel plate. Has cast iron fire pot, base and legs. Fine nickled trimmings. Brass vase on top. Wonderful heat producer. 53 inches high. Fire pot 14 inches in diameter. Price .... $11.65

**75c Per Month**



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Dinner Set Bargain

**No. 6G630. Gold Coin Monogram 100-Piece Dinner Set.**

Another remarkable value, that you will do well to order direct from this page. Gold coin decorations with your (any one) initial, as shown in the illustration. Double fired and glazed decorations, warranted not to come off. 100 pieces to the set or complete service for 12 persons. Price........................$10.65

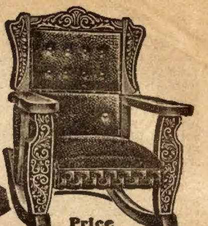
**75c Per month**

### HARTMAN'S Legal Guarantee

*We Unreservedly Guarantee every article sold by us to be exactly as represented and described in our catalog.*

*We guarantee our prices to be lower than any other concern for goods of equal quality.*

*We guarantee to ship each and every article on approval, and if within 30 days from receipt of the goods, anything is not perfectly satisfactory, FOR ANY REASON WHATEVER, we will accept their return and when the goods are returned to us, we will refund all moneys paid on them including payment of freight charges both ways.*

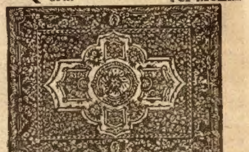


Price $3.58

### HARTMAN'S 60th Anniversary Rocker Bargain

**No. 1G772.** A comfortable large Rocker made of seasoned hardwood. American quartered oak finish. Upholstered in "Imperial" leather. Strongly built with stout runners, carved front posts and back panels. Seat has full spring construction and ruffled edge. Offered at a price that causes everybody to wonder how we do it.

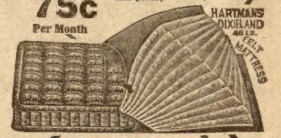
**50c Per Month**



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Brussels Rug Bargain

**0G1305.** Beautiful 9x12 feet Brussels Rug in a very choice pattern. Very closely woven of selected yarns chosen for wearing qualities. Has medallion center and neat border. Combination colorings of tan, green, brown and red. Will give good service. A wonderful value at this price. $10.68

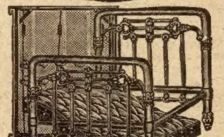
**75c Per Month**



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Mattress Bargain

**No. 3G715. "Dixieland" Pure Felt Mattress.** Made of selected pure felt treated so as to make it absolutely moth and vermin proof and is built, not stuffed. Felt used is almost white in color and is recommended for wearing qualities and wonderful resiliency. Has Imperial Roll edge and is covered with fancy flowered art ticking. Weight full 45 lbs. Recognized everywhere as the most comfortable, sanitary and serviceable mattress at anywhere near its price. No other concern can match our prices and give equal quality.... $5.95

**50c Per Month**



### Hartman's 60th Anniversary Bed Outfit Bargain

**A wonderful value quoted merely to show you the amazing bargains in our big catalog.**

**No. 3G714.** Complete bed outfit consisting of 1 1-16 inch continuous post iron bed, 5-16 inch fillers in an artistic design, 57½ inches high; all-metal steel support spring and cotton top fibre filled mattress. Outfit comes full size only (4 ft. 6 ins. wide). Colors: white, pea green or Vernis Martin. You cannot go wrong in placing an order for this outfit. Price complete............ $9.89

**75c Per Month**

## No Money In Advance
## No Reference Asked
## Your Credit Is Good

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